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THE SCAR

By RUBY M. AYRES

A Pleasingly "Different" Narrative by the Most Famous Love-Story Writer of 1922.

HRG 1922

CHICAGO LEDGER

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Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 23

At Auction: One Wife

by Waterford Bain

WILL DAVIS and Maggie Hart were engaged to be married. Don't give a jump of surprise when you hear this.

Millions of men and women have been engaged to be married, and have married and lived very happily together.

Maggie's mother was a widow and in poor circumstances, and Maggie was her only child.

Will Davis was a young man of 22 and had just finished his trade at woodturning, and was very anxious to start himself in business. The trouble with Will had been the trouble with many a young man. He wanted a little shop, and a lot of tools and material, but he did not see how he was going to get them. That is, he did not know until a bright idea came to him. He had called to tell Maggie and her mother about this bright idea. When he and the girl had sat very close together and he had told her all, she went to the kitchen door and said:

"Mother, come in and hear Will tell his story."

"What is he telling about?" listlessly replied the mother.

"Never mind what he is telling, but come right along!"

And with their heads close together, Will proceeded to explain. It wasn't a story at all, but an incident which he had planned to bring about. Never mind what he said, because you will hear all about it, further on. When Will had finished relating, Maggie said to her mother:

"Now, then, don't you go to raising objections, because it is a thing that is going to work for our benefit. It will be awful hard for me to go thru with it, but I shall do so with a brave heart. It is one of the brightest ideas a man ever thought of, and we can't see where it can possibly fail."

The mother found many faults in the bright idea, but they were all overcome by Maggie and Will, and within a couple of days the town of Willow Creek had something to talk about.

IN THE town paper, there was a queer advertisement. It was to the effect that the handsomest girl in all the county was to be sold at auction, on a certain day. The man who bid the highest was to get her for a wife, no matter whether he was old or young, a widower or a single man. He might be bow-legged or cross-eyed, but that would make no difference. In order to become a bidder every man must deliver the sum of twenty dollars. There was nothing cheap about Maggie Hart and this rule would be strictly adhered to.

"Now then, what's that girl up to?" everybody said.

But so far as they could find out the whole thing was straight. It was unusual and unique, but it was straight. Will Davis was going to be the auctioneer, and Maggie Hart was going to be there where everybody could see her.

The editor gave the advertisement a "buff" and guaranteed the whole thing to be honest and straight, and that helped things along wonderfully. Groups of young women and girls went to Maggie and her mother, but they got no more out of them than what has been told you. Dozens of men went to Will Davis, but he was very uncommunicative. Maggie had made up her mind to be sold at auction and Will was to be the auctioneer. He did not tell the people nor did the girl that they were engaged to be married.

Miss Maggie, as well as being good-looking, was well-educated, and it was generally known that she had refused several offers of marriage. If she did not want to get married, why this auction? That is what people kept asking themselves and others and that made the coming auction more interesting.

A week before the auction was to take place, every man, single or married, knew all about it. Of course, the married men could not take any advantage, but they intended to be there when the bidding took place. In that county were about twenty widowers and about forty single men who wanted to get married. All these were deeply interested and most all of them could pay the twenty dollars demanded in advance.

The auction was to take place at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and long before that hour, a crowd of three hundred persons had gathered on the public square. Maggie Hart was there with Will Davis. He was her chaperone as well as her auctioneer. Mrs. Hart had remained at home to shed her tears. She thought it was a terrible thing and would have prevented it if she could.

Maggie stood on a box where all could see her, and the sight was a lovely one. There wasn't a widower present who was not willing to mortgage his farm to get such a wife. Some said it was a shameful thing, but they were going to bid just the same. Then Will, the auctioneer, began:

"Gentlemen, you see before you one of the best and handsomest girls in this country. For reasons we may not ex-

(Concluded on Page 13.)

"111" cigarettes

A year ago— almost unknown

Today — a leader 10¢

A sweeping verdict for QUALITY

Is This Your Type?

BY MARIE LA ROQUE

Thin Eyebrows

THE price list that hangs in the up-to-date hair-dressing, face-beautifying establishments throws some interesting sidelights on the trend of facial fashions of the day. For there you can learn of the various sorts of things that women want to have done to their hair and necks and faces and hands. You can learn that down on the upper lip, which in times past has been somewhat admired, is considered a blemish, so much so that women will pay exorbitant prices to have it removed. You may find that straight, glossy hair, so much eulogized in Oriental literature, and praised now and again in our own, gives way almost entirely in present-day coiffing to hair that is waved in one way or another. That women prefer to have their hair blonde or reddish tinted, you can see from the list of prices for henna and peroxide treatment and, last on the list, but not least in consideration, comes the information that "eyebrow trimming" costs a dollar and a half.

It is rather painful, but it is apparently worth while, and you see it isn't very expensive. It consists in having the eyebrows that stand in the way of making your eyebrows a perfectly straight, narrow arch simply plucked out. To have too-light eyebrows penciled in is not so easy, because any penciling method is usually very artificial in appearance, but to trim the eyebrows produces entirely satisfactory results if you admire the thin, neat arch.

If you keep your ears open here and there where women discuss their beauty secrets, you will find that the plucked eyebrow is not so much admired. It is a nuisance, some say. And it would seem that a good many women are letting their eyebrows grow back in again. Still the beauty parlors report that there is still a lively demand for this sort of treatment.

The eyebrow that is entirely missing

Annie of Cleves, Wife of Henry VIII, Who Had Light Eyebrows.

has never been the ideal of beauty among us, altho among some Orientals it is customary to shave the eyebrows of married women. The idea is not to add beauty, but to make them less attractive to possible intruders. However, Queen Mary Tudor was almost entirely lacking in eyebrows, and scout of respect to the Queen during her reign in England eyebrows were in slight repute. None of the Tudors was any too blessed with eyebrows. They were strongly admixed with the sandy red-haired, and if you notice persons of this type not infrequently have to get along with the minimum of eyebrows.

Taken all in all, the very heavy eyebrow has never been so much admired in women as in men. It is said to betoken great physical endurance and mental strength as well, and of course the ideal for women has ever been one that betokens more of the yielding, gentle attributes.

Next Week: Eyes of Genius.

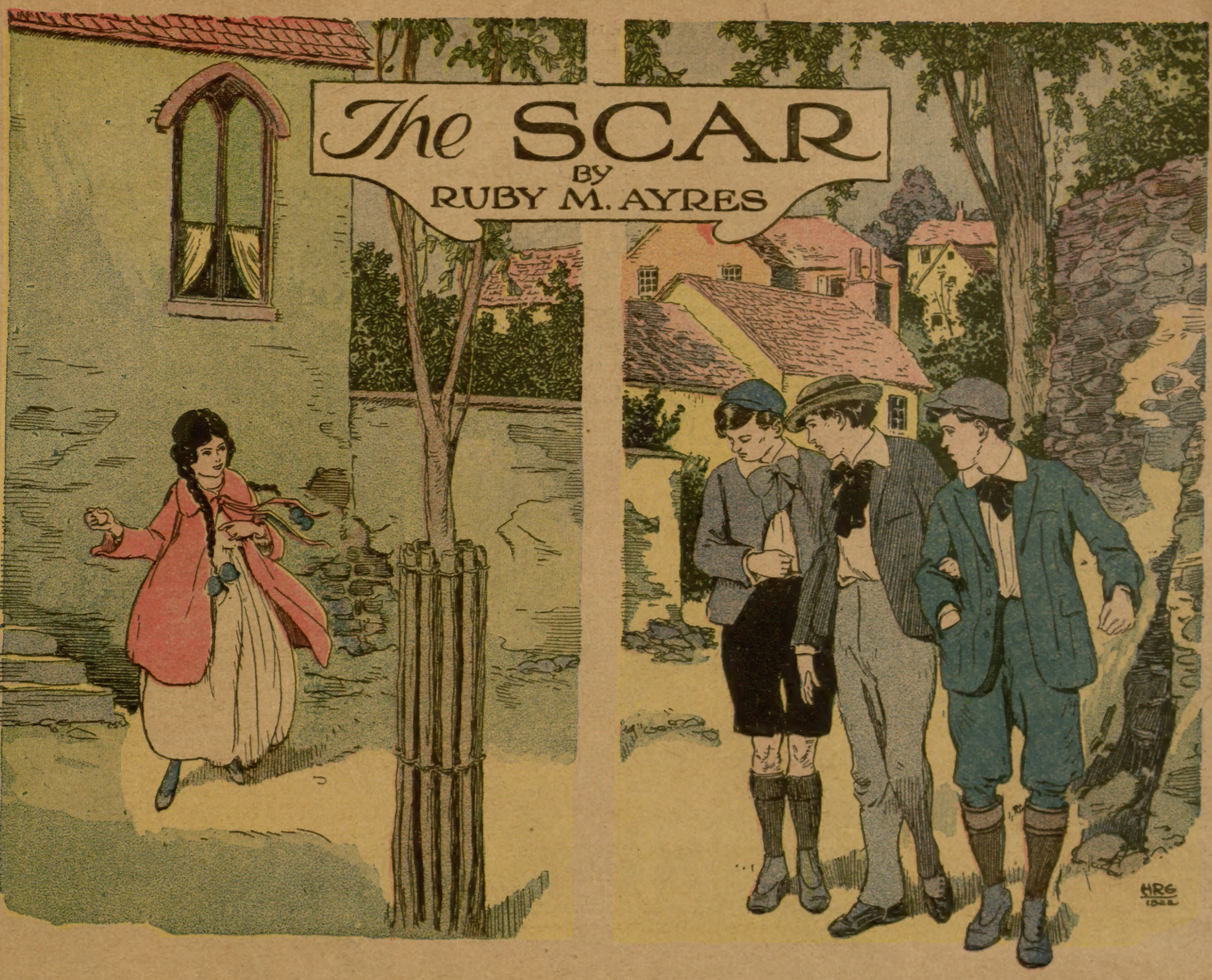
HER BEAUTY WINS WAY INTO SOCIETY.

Now She Is Welcomed Every Where. Lonely Hearts Made Happy.

Society plays many pranks, and to win its favor, women, and men, too, must look to their appearance as well as to their modes of living. How many women with hearts of gold, loving dispositions and enviable talents are shunned by men and women because of some defect in appearance. This is particularly true of women unfortunate enough to be afflicted with that horrible nightmare—a blemished complexion, says Miss Dorothy Ray of 646 North Michigan Boulevard, Suite B, Chicago, Illinois. Miss Ray is doing tremendous good for women everywhere by her remarkable free revelation. The thousands of women who have taken her free advice are storming her with letters of gratitude and explanation of how her advice brought them clear, smooth, lovely complexions, even after all the treatments they had previously tried brought only bitter failure.

Miss Ray says that it makes no difference how stubborn your case is or how badly disfigured with pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, over-redness, enlarged pores, oily skin or other blemishes, she will send you without cost her remarkable revelations, the results of which will amaze and delight you.

Women must command the world, says Miss Ray, and they will do it by the irresistible lure and power of their beauty. So she is willing to send you her free revelations if you are handicapped by a poor complexion. Simply write her for her booklet, "The Complexion Beautiful." —Adv.



IT WAS Miss Midian who decided that Mark Hellaby was to be treated as a delicate boy and sent into the country to the care of the Rev. Algernon Jope.

Miss Midian was Mark Hellaby's aunt, and he hated her.

As a matter of fact her name was not Midian at all, save inasmuch that Mark himself had christened her so one Sunday when he was quite a small boy, and was sitting beside her in the high family pew listening drearily to the service.

The psalms and the hymns he liked; Mark loved music—he loved the way the organ rolled out thru the lofty church and the mellow pipe of the treble notes. He made up his mind that when he grew up he, too, would be an organist, and sit on the high bench all day long and play hymns.

There was one hymn, however, which he could not tolerate, and it happened to be sung on this particular Sunday—

"Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian, up and smite them! . . ."

Mark stole a sidelong glance at his aunt; she was singing away lustily in an unmusical soprano, and there was an expression of righteous superiority on her thin face.

"Midian" would be a good name for her, he thought; she was—as he had heard one of the maids say only that morning — "always prowling round the place. He suppressed a chuckle; the hymn might have been written for her; the next line, too, seemed strangely applicable, he so often wished some one would "up and smite her."

When he got home he informed his nurse that he had found a new name for Miss Hellaby, and proceeded gravely to explain.

The servants hated Miss Hellaby as much as Mark did, and before tea-

As They Crossed the Road From the Village Side, a Little Girl in a Red Coat Picked a Stone Off the Path and Flung It at Them.

time they had all heard Master Mark's new name for his aunt, a name which had stuck to her ever since. She was always Miss Midian except to her face, a fact of which she was perfectly well aware and for which she hated Mark all the more heartily. When she emerged victorious from her interview with his father the autumn afternoon when it was decided to send Mark away, she found him in the hall sitting on the bottom stair, cracking nuts between his teeth and spitting the fragments of shell all over the Persian rug at his feet.

Mark was just 13 then, and tall for his age. In his Eton suit he would have passed for a boy of 15.

Miss Midian stood for a moment staring at him thru her pince-nez with grim disapproval, then—

"Mark!" she said in a voice of flint.

Mark looked up.

"Um?" He spat the last fragment of shell in her direction. Luckily it missed, but he grinned all the same.

Miss Midian flushed brick red. If Mark hated her, she most certainly hated him with equal heartiness. She did not understand him for one thing, and on principle she hated every one and everything she did not understand.

She had hated Mark's mother before him because she had married John Hellaby, and robbed her of a home beneath his roof.

Perhaps, had she known for how short a time she was to be deposed, she might have been more tolerant, for only eleven months elapsed between the day when Mark's mother came home as a bride, and the day when she was carried out in her flower-covered coffin.

Miss Midian was once more in possession then. From the window of an upper room which echoed to the pitiful wailing of a motherless baby, she stood and watched her brother follow his wife's coffin to the grave. When the last carriage had turned out of the drive, she went across to where the nurse was trying to hush Mark to sleep, and looked down at the little red scrap of humanity with cold eyes.

"Do you think he is like his father, nurse?"

She had asked the question flintly, with the full knowledge beforehand of the answer she would get.

"No, miss—like his poor mother—the very image of his poor mother."

That had been Mark's crowning misdemeanor in the eyes of Miss Midian.

When she was once more finally installed as chatelaine in the home from which "that woman" had innocently driven her, she settled down to a lifelong hatred of "that woman's" son.

She loved Mark's father; John Hellaby was the only person for whom she had ever cared in her drab life, but eleven months of complete happiness had made him a changed man. He was still kind and courteous to Miss Midian, but he never sought her company, never asked for her confidence or offered his.

He lived his life apart from hers,

DIFFERENT

BECAUSE a story is "different" than other good stories does not mean that it, too, is not a good story. In fact you will find "The Scar" one of the most absorbing stories you have read after you have, so to speak, "dipped" into it.

The name of Ruby M. Ayres on a story is almost superfluous assurance that a strong piece of fiction has been produced. Rarely does there come to any writer so sudden and sure a vogue which Ruby M. Ayres has enjoyed during the past few months in England and America—the demand for her work being such that newspapers, magazines, book publishers, moving pictures, all have vied with each other in obtaining something from her pen. Her readers in this country are already numbered in the millions, and needless to say, any new story from her is eagerly awaited.

Whoever is interested in love stories will find absorbing interest in "The Scar" with its handsome and wealthy hero, and its two central women characters, the love of one of which was of the flesh and that of the other of the spirit.

This is a "different" story—but you will like it.

Begin it today.

chiefly outdoors, walking—always walking, as if he were trying to outstrip some grief that followed him night and day, day and night. He ignored Mark. He was not conscious of any active dislike, or indeed of feeling of any kind towards him; it was simply that to him the boy did not exist.

He paid for nurses and doctors, and toys and clothing unquestioningly and ungrudgingly, and let it go at that, for he believed that Miss Midian did all that was necessary and he believed that she was both kind and affectionate to his son. It was a sheer surprise, therefore, when one day she walked into his room and demanded that Mark be sent away immediately.

John Hellaby stared at her.

"Sent away! Where? Why, what has he done?"

Miss Midian squeezed out a crocodile tear. He was wearing her to pieces, she declared; he was ruining her nerves, spoiling her whole life. She had valiantly done her duty by him all these years, but now he was no longer a child; even his tutor admitted that he could do nothing with him and other boys of his age were generally at boarding-school. Perhaps John had forgotten that Mark was 13!

Mark's father raised his eyes to the portrait of his wife which hung above his writing-table. He had not forgotten that it was thirteen years since she died, tho it had escaped his memory that therefore it must be thirteen years since Mark came into the world and wailed a protest because he was not immediately allowed to depart therefrom.

John Hellaby looked at his sister.

"You want me to send the boy to a boarding-school?"

Miss Midian protested—not boarding-school. Mark was not sufficiently strong to rough it in the ordinary way, but she had a friend—a clergyman's wife—the wife of the Rev. Algernon Jope, a most worthy and God-fearing man. He lived in the country, and supplemented a small and insufficient stipend by taking pupils—delicate boys!

He was so thoroly suited in every way to train boys; he was a B.A. and a most learned man. If Mark were sent to him. . . .

John Hellaby cut her short.

"Send him then—do as you think best."

Miss Midian retired with the light of victory in her eyes, and went out into the hall to find Mark sitting on the bottom stair, spitting walnut shells over the Persian rug.

When Mark said "Um!" she told him the news.

"You are to be sent away from home—to school!"

Mark looked up. He glanced towards the closed door of his father's room.

"Jolly good job, too," he said briskly. After a moment—"Where?" he asked.

Miss Midian explained.

"You are to go to Osterway to the Rev. Algernon Jope, who takes private pupils. There will be only two or three other boys besides yourself."

Mark stared, then he said——

"Good God!" It was a favorite expression of the head gardeners' and Mark had it stored up in his mind for many weeks to spring on Miss Midian should a suitable occasion arise. It seemed to have arisen now.

Miss Midian screamed.

"Mark! you wicked boy!" Her eyes stood out on their stalks as she stared at him. "How dare you say such dreadful things?"

Mark rose to his feet; he looked very sullen. Miss Midian invariably brought out all that was worst in him.

"I said 'Good God!'" he told her deliberately. "I shall say it as many times as I like," and he therefore proceeded to do so. "Good God!—Good God!—Good God! . . ." He walked away, saying it all the time.

He went into the garden and sought out Jeffries, the head gardener.

"I'm going away," he informed him, sitting down in a barrow filled with dead leaves. "I am going into the country—to live with a long-faced old preacher."

Jeffries stared, then——

"Good God, Master Mark!" he said blankly.

Mark chuckled.

"That's what I said," he commented. "That's what I said when Aunt Midian told me. You ought to have seen the old girl's face—she nearly had a regular conniption fit."

CHAPTER II.

SO MARK went to Osterway.

He arrived there one wet autumn afternoon after a three-mile drive in a ramshackle pony-carriage, sent to the station to meet him by the Rev. Algernon Jope.

It was driven by a sort of stable-boy in shabby livery, who grinned nervously when he saw Mark, foreseeing a troublesome future.

Mark sat beside him in durance vile during the first half-mile. It was a desolate road, muddy and narrow, with brown hedges on either side, from which the rain dripped monotonously.

There were a few scattered cottages at long intervals.

"Is this all the place there is?" Mark inquired presently.

The boy looked at him and grinned sheepishly.

"'Ess," he said.

Mark stared at the tail of the gray pony.

"Won't she go any faster?" he asked interestedly.

Another grin.

"Noa . . ."

Mark laid his hands on the reins.

"Give 'em to me; I'll wake her up."

And wake her up he did. The cortege arrived at Osterway Vicarage a quarter of an hour before they were expected, the pony terrified and steaming, the stable-boy equally terrified, and with his eyes bolting out of his head.

Mark descended to the gravel path and looked at the trembling pair with satisfaction.

"You both wanted waking up," he said calmly, and turned with great composure to meet the vicar.

The Rev. Algernon Jope was a small, neat man, with a white beard and a nervous manner.

He looked at the steaming pony, opened his mouth to speak, thought better of it and closed it again.

He shook hands silently with Mark, and led the way into the house.

Mrs. Jope was in the hall—she was so like her husband that she might have passed for his sister. She, too, was small and neat and gray-haired, but not in the least nervous—she stared at Mark in a way that made him think of Miss Midian—she shook hands with the tips of her fingers. She said she was very glad to see him—she said she hoped he was going to be a good boy and work hard.

Mark was looking round the room and he thought it was the shabbiest room he had ever seen.

"Did you hear what I said?" Mrs. Jope asked him sharply. Mark dropped the bowler hat which he had been twiddling. It rolled away under the table, and he had to go down on his knees to recover it. When the excitement was over, he was relieved to find that Mrs. Jope had forgotten her question.

They went in to tea where there were two other boys present to whom he was formally introduced. They both stared at him and whispered to each other. Mark was glad when tea was over—the Rev. Algernon fired a battery of questions at him the whole time, during which Mark was made painfully aware of his ignorance and kept on wondering how much the two chaps on the other side of the table knew. He would soon find out, he mused.

"Tell Her I'm to Have Him—Do You Hear? Tell Her It's to Stay. The Dog! It's All I've Got. Will You Tell Her?"

After tea his opportunity was at hand.

"You may take Mark round the village if it's not raining," Mrs. Jope said graciously.

The boys looked at each other and one, who was broad-shouldered and dark-eyed, spoke to Mark.

(Continued on Page 16.)

More About the Purse That Contained a Human Digit.

The Riddle of the Rings

By Henry Treadway Blythe

A Summary of the First Installment

DAVID, RAND, JR., a young man employed in the brokerage office of **JACK KENWOOD,** located in La Salle street, Chicago, was sent to New York to interview a broker named Griggsby, Kenwood's former partner, with the purpose of furthering a new partnership between Griggsby and Kenwood for a New York office, Rand to remain in charge of the Chicago branch, with his salary raised from $100 to $200 per month. This prospect gave young Rand great joy, as such an advancement would enable him to ask the hand of

ALINE BURNETT, Kenwood's pretty and efficient stenographer, in marriage. When about to return to Chicago, David bought a raincoat at a bankrupt sale, as did another customer, and the two coats were of the same color, price and style. The other purchaser, a total stranger to Rand, also boarded Rand's train for Chicago. Upon their arrival in Chicago the Pullman porter carelessly switched the two raincoats, with the result that the man later known as

PETER HESS, was soon lost in the crowd, and with the wrong coat. David promised a queer, trampish-looking fellow half a dollar if he could overtake the stranger, but the seedy character failed. Having nothing but a dime and one or two large bills, Rand gave the queer chap the coin, with instructions to come to his boarding-house early in the evening, which he did. He said his name was Hoxey, or

CRAZY HOXEY, as he was known in the streets. After he had gone, Rand found a curious ring and a human finger (a woman's, no doubt) in a purse taken from a pocket in the other fellow's raincoat. That individual, Peter Hess, also showed up at Rand's apartment, and, when opportunity offered, seized an Irish shillalah from the wall and knocked Rand unconscious, then escaped with his own raincoat and the purse containing the ring and the human finger.

The ring that David had examined was a plain broad band of copperish-colored gold. Set in the top of the ring was a shining silver horseshoe. Engraved upon the inside of the ring was a jumble of characters, as follows:

Z N Y H J C R E N D K 9 ? Z J D

These characters David had copied while examining the ring. When David was found unconscious, a servant summoned

POLICEMAN TERRENCE O'ROURKE, his friend, who soon brought him back to the world. After hearing the story of Hess' visit and strange action, O'Rourke hurried back to headquarters. Later just as David had returned from a pleasant two hours spent at the lakeside, with the pretty Aline as his companion, he was called to the telephone. The message that he received was startling. It was from O'Rourke, who reported that Jack Kenwood had been found murdered in his La Salle street office at 10 o'clock that night.

CHAPTER VI.
A SURPRISING DISCOVERY.

"MURDERED!" I stammered unbelievingly. "Jack Kenwood — Kenwood — my employer? Come, come, O'Rourke, you're playing one of your police department jokes on me. Surely you're not telling the truth."

"Absolutely," he affirmed. "Just as I told you. Presently I'll give you all the details—but I want you first to tell me how in the name of all that's strange you got hold of the horseshoe ring. Did you find it somewhere along the hall in your house—somewhere along the path that Peter Hess took when he fled from your room? And one more thing; get out your spare nickels, for this conversation will run longer than five minutes—and central will cut us off unless she gets her pound of flesh in the shape of a five-cent coin."

"I've got several in my pocket, O'Rourke, so don't worry about any interruption to the service. But listen, old man, when was Kenwood's body discovered? Who found it? How was he killed? Did you interview this Peter Hess at the Paris? When——"

"Hold your horses," he returned, "and first tell me how this ring got back into your possession again. Then I'll explain the whole horrible business."

It was aggravatingly plain that I would never get any information until I satisfied O'Rourke's official curiosity on the subject of the horseshoe ring, so, bursting with eagerness to know all the details of my employer's sudden and surprising death I launched forth into an explanation of what had taken place that evening.

"Well, O'Rourke," I said, "I can give you the whole thing in a few words. The little girl who was Kenwood's stenographer—her name as I told you this afternoon is——"

"Aline Burnett," he interjected grimly. "We've been working on the case for nearly two years now. We've got the name of every one who's even distantly connected with Kenwood, whether at his club or in his business."

"My God," I exclaimed, "surely you don't suspect her of having had anything to do with it, do you, O'Rourke? I was with her all evening."

"Well," he replied simply, "the duty of the police is to comb out all the facts of a crime into their true significance. If you were with Aline Burnett, as you told me this afternoon that you would be, all well and good. At any rate, I want you to tell me everything you can that might throw any light whatever on the affair."

For a moment I wavered, wondering whether it would not be better for me to lie outright and say that I had come across the horseshoe ring on the floor just outside of the door of my room, and then go straight to Aline and caution her to remain absolutely silent about it. There was no telling what she might be drawn into thru her possession of it. The thought that the girl I loved was in danger of being brought into a notorious police case was disquieting, to say the least. But as I considered the matter, I remembered from my former experience with O'Rourke in the Chilpherson case that he held a cool, sensible head on his shoulders, and that from motives of friendship alone he was certain to go to extremes to protect me and mine. So I decided then and there to tell the whole truth, trusting that subsequent developments of the case would prove beyond all shadow of doubt that Aline's connection with Kenwood and with the horseshoe ring was a purely innocent one—and that she had left him at a few minutes past 5 o'clock just as she had declared to me.

"Well, O'Rourke, here are the facts—and the truth about the horseshoe ring. At 5 o'clock tonight—or perhaps a little later—Aline Burnett was asked by Kenwood to be his wife. In a long talk with her on the lake shore—a talk that lasted from 3 until 11 o'clock—I learned that she had cared for me all along, but believing that my feelings toward her were merely those of a friend, and pressed and harassed by a number of bills which she couldn't meet on a salary of only twelve dollars a week, she consented to marry him. According to what she told me, Kenwood then drew out from his vest pocket this same ring which I myself had discovered earlier in Peter Hess' purse, and placed it on her finger to seal the engagement, telling her that he would exchange it tomorrow for a one-carat diamond ring. And in doing this he hinted that this horseshoe ring had quite a history attached to it—a history which she would learn at some future date.

"To cut the story short, O'Rourke, she consented to be my wife. So we decided together that it was best that she should go to Kenwood tomorrow, tell him her mistake, and return his ring. But, since I told her about the disastrous adventure that I got tangled up with this past afternoon, she loaned me the ring so that I might bring it straight to you, let you take a look at it, and return it to her tomorrow morning at the foot of the elevator in the National Life Building. And that's all. Now for the——"

"Your five minutes are up," spoke a metallic voice. "If you wish more time kindly deposit another nickel." As quickly as I could, I groped in my pocket for a 5-cent coin, and, on finding it, dropped it into the bottomless slot of the iron nickel box. Immediately my connection with O'Rourke was restored.

"Good," I heard him saying. "To my mind, that ring is at the bottom of this whole affair. Now, Rand, did you learn from Miss Burnett whether Kenwood was absent from the office this afternoon between the hours of 4:30—at which time you were struck down in your room by this Peter Hess—and 5—or a little later—when he proposed to her? Did she make any mention of that?"

"Yes, I took especial pains to learn about that point. Kenwood was absent from the office just before 5 o'clock."

"Then that explains part of it," he replied. "After meeting this Hess somewhere outside, Kenwood must have procured the ring from him and then returned to the office. This would not be impossible since it is only a ten minutes' ride from your Oak street boarding-house to the downtown district. But why Kenwood should have parted with it after obtaining it from Hess, is a complete mystery to me. However, Rand, it's only right that I should satisfy your curiosity now about Kenwood's death. So pay close attention.

"At 8 o'clock tonight Kenwood was accosted by a man in the lobby or vestibule of the National Life Building, just as he, Kenwood, was apparently returning to work a little while in his pirvate office. This fact, as well as the fact that the stranger was clad in a checked suit, we got from the man who runs the cigar store in the National Life Building. At any rate, Kenwood and the check-suited man walked slowly back in the building where they must have climbed the stairs to Kenwood's office on the second floor—for you're aware, no doubt, that the elevators don't run after 7 o'clock. Now, unfortunately for the department, the cigar store owner didn't get a look at the face of the man who accosted Kenwood, since, during the few seconds that the former stood on the sidewalk, his back was turned toward the show window of the tobacco shop. For this reason we have no description of the fellow's features. He may have been merely a casual acquaintance of Kenwood's who will come to the bureau and declare himself after he sees the accounts in tomorrow's papers.

"Well, to continue, Nels Olson, a Swedish night janitor, was cleaning the second floor of the National Life Building tonight. He finally got every office on the floor swept and dusted but Kenwood's. Seeing a light shining thru the transom, he was in doubt whether to go to the third floor and continue his cleaning or to knock and see whether

"Gawd 'elp Me—Gawd 'elp Me, Gents," He Blubbered. "'Ere's Me Own 'oss-shoe Ring—Me Own, I Tells Yer—an' Somew'eres in the World There's Another Un Just Like It!"

Kenwood was ready to depart for home.

"He knocked timidly several times. This was close on to 10 o'clock. He got no answer, however. So he jumped to the conclusion that the light had been left switched on thru carelessness. Altho he has a pass key to every office in the building, he first turned the door-knob gently. The door opened up easily. Olson walked in. What he saw must have quite petrified him—if he's telling the truth. This is what met his gaze. The long room which contains your desk, Miss Burnett's typewriter table, and the clerk's desk, lay between the outer door and Kenwood's private office. But the door of the private office itself lay open—and on the floor was Kenwood's body, stretched out in a pool of blood.

"The Swede, Olson, ran downstairs and got the head janitor. The head janitor hurried upstairs, looked around, and then phoned to the central detective bureau in a jiffy. We were on the spot within ten minutes. But Kenwood was dead—stone dead.

"NOW there are some peculiar facts in the case: A knife—an ordinary keen-edged pencil sharpener, in fact—was found on the floor by Kenwood's body. And the blade of that knife was snapped off close to the handle. So we examined the body pretty closely. We found, first, that Kenwood had discarded his vest—perhaps before he left the office at 5:30 or so. That's easily accountable for by the fact that the weather is still mighty mild in Chicago. We found, secondly, that there was a tear in his shirt, just a trifle to the left of the center of his chest. And we found, thirdly, that the flesh under that tear had been broken or pierced by something sharp. Of course, Rand, that accounted for the location of the knife blade. It was inside of Kenwood's heart from where it was later withdrawn by a special pair of forceps. Hence the case is complete for the coroner.

"Now as to the second unusual fact of the case. On looking into Kenwood's pocket diary we found that the page for Sept. 3rd—which, of course, was today—had been jerked out. And, furthermore, it was not found anywhere on his person or in his office. The other pages contained jottings of market reports, memoranda of errands to be done, people to be seen, and so forth. But today's page contained—what? It's gone—and there's no telling what was written upon it.

"So with these facts at hand, what guesses can we put forth? Could Kenwood have been a suicide? Was the wound self-inflicted? On hearing the

(Continued on Page 18.)

Concluding the Story of a Highly Dangerous Compact.

THE HEIR

By John Breckenridge Ellis

Last Week's Installment Condensed

When ten days had passed, and Richard and Dollie had become confidential friends, at least, big Peter, Richard and Dollie went to the station to greet old Jud on his return from Chicago—but he failed to appear. Meanwhile, the three Rogers brothers were sleeping at Sampson's, the fisherman's place, about a mile from the Travis farm.

On his return from the village, alone, Richard found the Rogers trio and Sampson in possession of "Uncle Jud's" house. "These fellers ain't here to do you any harm," Sampson vouchsafed to Richard. Nevertheless, Richard's sleep was disturbed by stealthy footsteps about the house, and by some one fumbling with the lock of his bedroom door. Upon opening the door, cautiously, he found Dollie fully dressed, in cloak, muffler, hat and gloves. She had returned to the farm alone, to warn Richard of his great danger. Big Peter believed she was on a train to Kansas City. The pair stole quietly from the house, to walk to Parker's place, two miles away. They soon discovered that they were being pursued by two or three men in an automobile whose lights shone out fiercely in the darkness of the night.

This story began in No. 20, the Ledger for May 20. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

X.

THE RACE OF LIFE AND DEATH.

RICHARD spoke with swift decisiveness. "We are almost at the farm where you are to find shelter. Run as fast as you can. I'll take this off-road thru the woods and hide in some gully or behind the rocks. I'm armed and can defend myself."

She protested that she would not leave him, but his insistence was compelling. He by no means felt the security concerning himself that he pretended, but he was resolved not to involve her in his fate. Unable to persuade her by vehement insistence, he rushed from her outstretched hand, at the same time shouting entreaties that she save herself.

Not taking time even to glance back toward the approaching danger, he bounded over the roughened road to the corner where a bylane deflected from the main road. Arrived there, he could see the farmhouse, near at hand, in which he knew only one man was to be found. Still resolved not to bring danger upon that household where, nevertheless, Dollie should find safe asylum, he ran as fast as he could thru the ranks of ghostly trees.

In a short time he found that his breath was becoming spent—and that the light had left the thorofare to pursue him. He had boasted of hiding in some natural protection of the woods, but in the telltale gleam of the snow, no such refuge offered itself. In desperation he stopped, placed his back against a tree, and stood with drawn revolver.

Swiftly the light approached. But there were no sounds from an engine. Suddenly he realized that it was not an automobile pursuing him, but a sleigh. At once he thought of the fisherman's bobsled, in which the fisherman's wife had driven Dollie. The tensity of his whole figure slightly relaxed.

The sled came to an abrupt stop, the horse snorting and pawing the snow. But the driver was the fisherman, not his wife. Beside him, Richard was alarmed to discover Dollie.

"Get in quick, mister," Sampson said gruffly.

"But—but Dollie, why, oh, why didn't you do as I begged?" he groaned, staring at the fisherman with undisguised suspicion.

"Quick," she echoed the driver's word. "Come—no time——" she gasped.

"I'll tell you why, after you're in," Sampson growled.

"I don't trust you," Richard said grimly. "Dollie, for the love of heaven, get out of that sled and go to the house where you'll be safe! You mustn't be found with me."

"Pard," Sampson showed wolfish teeth, "if you stay there you're a dead man; and if I stay here arguing with you, I'm another. I've found out something that makes me know those fellers are after your scalp, and I'm risking my scalp to try to save you. By this time they must be getting out their auto. They'll trace us by the tracks in the snow, just like I traced you and Miss Dollie with my electric torch. It's got to be a race between my sled and their car to the village. And if you don't pile in quick, it's a losing race for the three of us!"

Richard had never understood this man, had never been able to excite in him any show of friendliness. Yet, suspicious as the circumstances were, his last doubt of the other's sincerity vanished. Even had he still suspected Sampson's motives, he would have gone with the girl, since she would not leave the sled. With the swiftness of his resolve he leaped to the seat and they were off. As soon as possible, Sampson turned the horse back to the main road.

Hardly were they on the way when the glare from the Rogers car burned in the rear like the fiery eyes of a pursuing goblin.

"They're after us," Sampson said with a wild look over his shoulder, "but the race ain't as uneven as you might think. A good auto can beat a bobsled any time, especially if the horse isn't better than mine. But the Rogers car is an old one, and that ain't all—I've been at work on it—I put a few extra kinks in it—you'll see!"

The light in the rear stopped. "They've jumped out to see what's the matter," the fisherman explained grimly. "My horse would have less weight to carry if Miss Dollie had gone to the neighbor's as you told her—but she knew you wouldn't get in with me unless she was here to tell you I'm all right." He whipped the horse to greater speed.

Richard said nothing. Since Sampson was carrying him away from the gang, he must be a friend, yet he had never shown any indication of friendliness. Why should he risk the vindictive hatred of the ruffians for a comparative stranger? And what motive could induce the Rogers brothers to seek his destruction thus openly?

"We are safe," Dollie exclaimed. They had passed beyond sight of the automobile headlight. "They must have turned back."

"No," Sampson returned, "they're right there, tinkering at the engine. They'll be after us in a minute, hotter than ever." He spoke abruptly to Richard: "Get this straight—they won't stop at nothing to put a finish to you. I thought they just aimed to run you out of the country—that's what Jud Travis told me, and I was to help 'em. But I come on a big discovery not very long ago—a pocketbook one of that Texas gang had dropped in the snow near the door of my shack. I was fooling around, waiting for 'em to come back from the farmhouse, which they was to of did after scaring you half to death, as they said they intended. I took the pocketbook to the light. It had nothing in it but newspaper clippings, but I judged 'em important to be so carefully kept.

In Desperation He Stopped, Placed His Back Against a Tree, and Stood With Drawn Revolver.

I got my old woman out of bed to see what she could make of it."

"Yonder's the Parker farm," Dollie interrupted, as a house on a hill loomed up far ahead. "If the men have come home——"

"Yes," Richard exclaimed, "we'll stop there and join our forces."

"Has that freight come in?" Sampson queried doubtfully. "If the folks are there, it's all right, but if they ain't—well, don't count on me to do no fighting. I ain't neither armed nor so disposed. Those fellers ain't after me. They'll be mad as blazes about me getting you away, but you're the only one they want to throw into the river."

"Nonsense! Why should they?" Richard felt very differently from the moment in his bedroom when discovering the door locked on the outside. It seemed ridiculous to attribute murderous designs to anybody.

"I see the light again," Dollie cried. "They are after us now—can't the horse go any faster?"

"I think they'll have trouble again," Sampson growled, but his accent was uneasy. "Pard, ever hear of the Slidenwell fortune?"

Richard, watching the growing light, made no reply. Vaguely he remembered reading something about the Slidenwell millions, but he was too intent upon their situation to give heed to newspaper tales.

"The last Slidenwell, an old bachelor of over 95, died a year ago," Sampson spoke with amazing rapidity as if his tongue would keep pace with the speed of the horse. "There wasn't no family and they've been looking for the next of kin, which is a sort of great-great nephew what deserted his wife and just wandered. Barring that chap, the next heirs are Jud Travis and them three Rogerses, equal shares. Jud was aiming to get all the dough, thinking the Rogerses wouldn't never find out about it, and he laid his wires accordingly."

"The car has stopped again," said Dollie joyfully. She was paying small attention to the fisherman's words—indeed, was wishing he would keep still, as if by his silence he could induce the horse to go faster.

"Yes, they're apt to stop most any minute. But the Rogerses did get hold of the facts, as them newspaper clippings show. Old man Jud, seeing they was wise, had to join in with 'em. They found out the great-great nephew I was talking about is dead, and his wife too; but their son, what was left in an orphan asylum, is growed up and is as much alive as you are, for you are him, and heir to three million dollars!—do you get me? If you are put out of the way, that three million will be divided between Jud Travis and the Rogerses, and no wonder they're not anxious for your health! They simply wouldn't stop at nothing to get shed of you, even if witnesses such as me and Miss Dollie was looking on. They're rabid for them millions, and who can blame 'em? I'm helping you because I always liked you and hate to see an innocent young feller killed. All the same, I expect you to do something to relieve my wants for all I'm risking for you, as soon as you are sitting in your palace——"

He broke off with on oath: "I didn't think they could speed like that! I'm scared I didn't do my work thoro enough."

CHAPTER XI.

BULLETS BEGIN TO FLY.

THE automobile was indeed bearing down upon them at a tremendous rate. It was so near that they could distinctly count the men.

"Four!" Sampson growled, lashing at his horse. "Old Jud Travis is with 'em!"

Realization of their peril steadied Richard's nerves under the fisherman's information, which, at another time, would well-nigh have paralyzed him with amazement, or made him delirious with joy. He was a millionaire! Recalling past scenes, vague words accidentally dropped, the thing was not to be doubted. But now—what did it matter?

"Keep your head down," he ordered Dollie in quivering accents. "Look out, Sampson, they're getting ready to shoot ——"

He pressed Dollie down between the seats, then turned defiantly toward the pursuers, his pistol aimed at the windshield.

Their sled shot past the first corner of the Parker farm.

Sampson from the first seat looked back for directions. "Must I draw in when we get to the gate? Decide quick, we'll soon be there. If I pull up, be ready to jump and run like the—What say?"

"If the men haven't got back from Kansas City," Richard snapped, "we'd find only a bed-ridden woman in the house. We'd only get her into trouble. We wouldn't have time to barricade the doors."

"Oh," faltered Dollie, "but surely by this time the men are at home!"

"I haven't heard the freight whistle," Sampson growled. "What must I do?"

They were coming up abreast of the hill from which the house looked down darkly upon them. Dollie, remembering how she had stolen from that house on her errand of rescue, and reflecting that all might have been in vain, was torn in an agony of indecision. "We ought to stop, it's a chance," she cried. "Yet I'm afraid we'd better go on!"

They looked back. The automobile had stopped again.

"That gives us time to get into the house," Dollie urged.

"Very well," Richard reluctantly agreed; "Sampson, are you armed?"

"Not me, I ain't," returned the driver, slackening their speed. "I don't aim to be incriminated in nothing that happens. I was willing to be my best to get you off free, tho of course I'll lose my job with the old man, that is, if he knows about this thing——"

A loud shriek pierced the deathlike silence of the snow-wrapped world. It was the whistle of a not-far-distant locomotive.

"Good Lord!" cried Sampson, whipping up the horse, "there's the freight just a-getting in, so we know the Parker men ain't at home!"

The automobile started up with an uncertain wriggling across the road.

"Oh, Dollie, if you hadn't come along! If you had done as I said," Richard groaned, his arm about her, his face to hers."

"I just knew you wouldn't get in the sled unless I came," she answered. And in the stress of their danger she yielded with a child's trustfulness to his impassioned embrace.

Looking back, they found that the automobile was still exhibiting freakish pranks; wriggling to and fro, then shooting forward, then stopping dead short.

"I've got an idea," Sampson suddenly announced. "It's an awful radical one," he added, his voice quivering with excitement, his eyes lighting up till he looked like a different man. "Awful radical, I say, but I believe it'll bring us luck."

He shouted back at them, "Keep ducked down back there, while I duck as best I can here in front. I'm going to let 'er go for all she's worth, and trust to Providence."

The house on the hill had glided past. Trees in their fluttering robes of white danced swiftly along on either side of the road. The horse, plainly showing the effect of the long overstrain, began to breathe in labored gasps.

The pursuing automobile had overcome, for a time, its wavering indecision. On it came like the wind.

"If he falls in the traces," shouted Sampson, "be ready to jump behind the body for protection——"

The crash of firearms rang out. The terrifying sound sent the horse forward at maddened speed, as if freshly entering the desperate race. Again shots came and bullets sang over the heads of the fugitives. If something did not happen to the automobile, it would soon overtake the sled, despite its augmented swiftness.

On their right, a sudden glare blinded them. The train had rounded the bend

(Concluded on Page 11.)

More About the Wondrous Pearls Known Only to a Few Sea Adventurers

He Had a Brief Glimpse of Several Dark Forms Rising Up Out of the Ground; a Flash of Black Fuzzy Heads.

South Sea Pebbles

By George Ethelbert Walsh

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTAIN BERNICE led the way to the back of the cave, Scar following in puzzled silence, for her words had considerably surprised if not actually mystified him. He could see no connection between the pearls and her need to save his life. But everything on the island since he had landed had been a series of surprises and mysteries, and he was prepared for another.

The gloom of the cave increased the further they got away from the sea, and Scar, anxious to make the path lighter for her, proposed striking a match, but she declined such help.

"I know the place thoroly," she explained, "and if you'll keep close to me you won't stumble."

They made their way to a higher level after a while, and the cold air current that Billy had noticed before blew straight ahead of them. There was certainly an outlet thru the roof of the cave, and the air was using it as a sort of funnel to escape.

Suddenly the darkness of the cave seemed to grow softer, a mellow light streaming ahead. They turned the corner of a perpendicular rock, and came into broad daylight. Scar uttered a little exclamation of surprise. If he had so chosen he could have walked out of the cave at any time by simply following his nose.

"I wasn't as safe in there as I thought," he reflected aloud, grinning at his companion. "They could have taken me by surprise in the rear, if they knew about this exit."

"They knew it," replied Captain Bernice, "and they'll send a party here to watch it. That's why I wanted to get you out before it was too late."

"I'm glad I didn't get cornered in there," he added, recalling his previous capture.

His companion nodded absent-mindedly. She continued on her way, scrambling over rocks and dropping down into little depressions until they came up against a blank wall that was too high and steep to scale. Here she hesitated a moment, glancing about her and at Scar. "I can trust you," she said a little questioningly. "If I thought I couldn't, I'd be running a great risk. I—I——"

"Captain Bernice," Scar interrupted gallantly, "I don't know what you mean or what you intend to do with me, but if it is anything that will endanger your life—anything that will bring you trouble now or later—don't do it! I'm not worth it! I had no business on this island, and if I get in further trouble it's my fault. I don't want to involve you in it. Please leave me here! I can hide somewhere else, and if I'm cornered I've got this gun. I'll use it to the last cartridge."

"I don't want any more of my people killed," she replied simply. "I must hide you here, and when it is safe I'll call for you. Promise me to remain quiet and patient, no matter how long I'm gone. You must not try to get out."

"I'll promise anything," replied Scar, looking around for a hiding place. There was nothing that remotely suggested such a thing, and he was puzzled by the situation. "Then come here," she added. "Place your shoulder against this rock. Press hard, and it will fall back."

She indicated a section of the perpendicular wall, and Billy, obedient to her request, applied his shoulder and pushed. At first there was nothing to reward his effort, but gradually, as his weight was exerted against the wall, it seemed to tremble and move. A little startled, he glanced down, and his eyes opened wide in astonishment.

A section of the wall was slowly moving inward. It was the mouth of a cleverly concealed tunnel, in which the rock fitted so closely that when in position the edges made a perfect alignment with the rest of the wall. The huge stone slab was balanced so well that after the first push it moved inward with comparative ease. Captain Bernice stepped thru the opening first and beckoned him to follow.

The tunnel was a natural cleft in the rocks, the opening having been artfully improved upon by man so that the rock could be moved back and forth with comparative ease to block it. A dim light could be seen ahead, and Scar followed his fair guide with ever increasing wonder and amazement.

About fifty feet from the mouth of the tunnel they came out into broad daylight again, but the sun was nowhere visible, and only a small patch of blue sky overhead. Scar glanced up with a low cry.

They appeared to be at the bottom of a funnel-shaped hole, with the walls as clean-cut and devoid of all ornament as the face of the Washington monument. There was not a crag or projection for a climber to find any purchase for hands or feet. He estimated roughly the distance to the top at about fifty feet.

"What is it—the crater of an extinct volcano?" he asked, surveying the steep sides.

"No, merely a natural hole in the rocks," replied Captain Bernice, smiling at his surprise. "All these islands not of coral formation were thrown up from the bottom of the ocean at one time by earthquakes or volcanic eruptions; but every hole you see isn't a crater. This just happened so, I imagine."

"It is rather small for a crater," Billy admitted, looking across the top. It was not more than a hundred feet at the widest point.

"Be careful or you'll fall in," cautioned his companion, taking him by the arm when he staggered forward, eyes lifted above.

Startled by her words, Scar glanced down at his feet, and received his second jolt. They were standing on a narrow shelf of rocks that half encircled the hole. It was merely a break in the steep cliffs mid-way between the top and bottom. Below, as above, the face of the walls dipped almost perpendicularly.

Scar stepped back a foot and shuddered. Another blind step would have carried him over the brink. From this safe vantage point he glanced below.

His amazement checked all vocal expression. He was speechless for a moment, his eyes taking in the phenomena below with ever increasing incredulity. At the bottom of the hole, perhaps fifty feet from where he stood, was a pool of water which glimmered and sparkled in the light like some magic mirror. Its surface was as calm and placid as a bed of mercury, and equally irridiscent.

Altho the sun was not at the right angle to cast its rays into the pool, the surface and rim of it were aglow with prismatic hues that seemed to reflect all the colors of the rainbow. Even in the darker shadows of the edges the pool was alive with strange lights that shot upward in long rays of scintillation.

Scar gazed in rapt awe for a few moments, scarcely conscious of the presence of the girl by his side. When he glanced up and saw her smiling at his amazement, he started.

"What a freak of nature! It looks almost like a pool of quicksilver."

An amused, silvery laugh escaped her lips. "No, not quicksilver," she replied. "But—can't you guess what it is?"

Billy shook his head.

"It's where the South Sea Pebbles grow," she said, pointing dramatically downward. "We call it the Pool of Pearls!"

Once more Scar was reduced to inarticulate expression, and beyond a grunt or two he was mute.

"I had to show it to you," she added, speaking slowly, "after hiding you in here. I knew you would discover it and I thought it better to explain before I left you."

She paused, and seemed lost in memory. "Do you know," she added finally, "you're the second white man whose eyes ever saw the place? The first was my father—Captain Wood. His ship was wrecked on the island next to this, and for forty years he lived there with the natives who made him their chief. I was born on the island."

SCAR nodded, for he had heard the story of her ancestors from the lips of the old shopkeeper in the harbor at Kaol. A slight flush tinged her olive complexion, but it was a flush of pride rather than of shame at her origin.

"My mother," she continued, a little defiantly, "was the old chief's daughter—a Papuan princess!"

Again Billy nodded silently, for this was not news to him.

"My father," she went on after a pause, "discovered this place on one of his expeditions. The natives knew of its existence, but they were superstitious about it. They dared not gather the pearls, but father broke down their fear of the place, and they permitted him to gather the pearls. It was easy to reach here then thru this tunnel, but to keep others from finding the place he closed up the opening with that rock. So well has the pool been guarded by it that no one in the South Seas, except my people, ever discovered the place, altho scores of white men have hunted for it."

"Yes," replied Scar, "and I was one of them. But I never dreamed of finding the pearls hidden like this."

"No; we helped to spread the story that they were like the sands on the seashore, and could be picked up on the beach."

Scar grinned at this confession of deception. The Pool of Pearls was certainly well guarded. He glanced up and added: "But some one might have discovered it from there—stumbled upon it from the top of the cliffs."

Captain Bernice smiled. "Up there," she said, "the pool has no shimmering reflection. It is like looking down in a dark, forbidden hole. No one would ever dream of looking for pearls in such a place."

"How do you get the pearls from here?" asked Scar, accepting her explanations.

She smiled a little craftily, he thought, and shrugged her shoulders. "They can't be reached even from here without a long rope. No man who plunges in there can ever get out. For a time my people looked upon the pool as a sacred place. They do now. When they wished to propitiate their gods they would throw a victim in the pool. He never got out."

Scar stepped back a trifle and shuddered. It would be a slow, lingering death for one dropped in the pool. No one could climb up the steep sides of the wall to the ledge on which they stood.

"Is it fresh water?" he asked finally, looking down again.

"No, it comes in from the sea. There must be an underground passage, but father was never able to discover it. It is too deep down and too long for any swimmer to get thru."

They remained quiet for a few mo-

What Was Told in the Preceding Installment

Scar waited until Kalputa and his men were asleep, then crept up and secured the half-breed's revolver, believed to be the only firearm possessed by the party, the sailors having only knives and darts. He found every chamber of the revolver loaded; he could account for seven men at least. On leaving the cave he heard voices. A small boat was approaching, with several natives in it. Two shots rang out, coming from the cave. Kalputa must have had another gun. A noisy battle ensued at the mouth of the cave. Five of the attackers were killed. Scar found Captain Bernice struggling in the grasp of Kalputa's powerful arms. The big half-breed shot at Scar. Billy returned the fire and the burly cut-throat crashed to the earth—dead.

Explanations followed. Kalputa was his enemy, Scar told the woman, but he confessed that their errand to the little island was to reap a harvest of South Sea Pebbles. Captain Bernice was willing to help Scar leave the island, but

SARTO, she said, and others faithful to him, would never permit him to depart, and would surely demand his life for the natives who had been slain. Sarto was the tribe's misol (magician) and his power was great. Scar wanted to fight the whole tribe, side by side with the woman, but this bit of bluster only made the princess smile.

Scar thereupon showed her the beautiful pearl she had thrown in his face at Kaol Harbor, several years previous. When she recalled the incident Captain Bernice invited Scar to accompany her to the hidden Pool of Pearls, where, she said, he could behold the wondrous South Sea Pebbles in all their undisturbed glory.

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ments, watching the glow and scintillation of the pool's placid surface. The play of lights on it was fascinating.

"The pearls grow there in great numbers," Captain Bernice added finally. "The supply seems inexhaustible, for they have been accumulating for centuries. We have little use for them; but when we do need any we lower divers down in baskets, and they bring them up by the handful."

"The South Sea Pebbles!" muttered Billy, as if hypnotized by the sight. "I never expected to see them."

A hand touched his arm. "Please come away," whispered his companion. "Don't let them turn your head. It's dangerous to watch them too long. You may—may——"

"Yes," he nodded, laughing. "I may get so fascinated by them I'll plunge in. You're right. It isn't good for one to gaze too long at such things."

"Promise me you'll keep away from the brink," she added. "I must leave you now, and return to the cave. My people will be there soon looking for me. I'll return and release you as soon as I can. If I can't bring Sarto to reason I'll smuggle you off the island in a small boat. Yes, I think I can do it."

Scar looked up into her troubled face, and remarked: "I'm not sure I want to leave—not while you're here."

She made no reply, but pulled him further away from the pool. "You must keep in the tunnel," she cautioned. "If you stand here some one may see you from above."

"How about some one finding me in the tunnel?" he asked. "Don't your people know that secret entrance?"

"Yes, but they never come in here unless we're after pearls, and then either I or Sarto must be present. It's forbidden for any one else to roll back the stone."

He followed her thru the tunnel to the entrance, where she once more turned to him and cautioned:

"Please keep away from the pool, and don't worry if I'm not back soon. You're safe here."

Scar felt that she was holding back something from him, and he interrupted her, blocking the way for an instant. "But are you safe? Will Sarto do anything to you? If so, I'm not——"

"Safe or not Sarto will obey me!" she retorted, flinging her head back. "No, you can't come with me! Stay here until I return!"

She pushed her way past him and was gone. Scar watched the stone roll slowly back in position, shutting out the sunlight and Captain Bernice.

CHAPTER IX.

SCAR returned to the pool after an interval of indecision. On calm reflection he concluded it would be unwise to attempt to follow Captain Bernice. Little good he could do in protecting her if Sarto started a rebellion and had the natives behind him.

Captain Bernice knew her people better than he did, and she would know what to do in an emergency. She hadn't lived among them as their leader since her father's death for nothing. Of the trouble between her and the old misol he knew nothing, but the wily old trickster would find a brave antagonist in the sea captain's daughter. Captain Bernice was as brave as she was intelligent. The white blood in her would make her more than a match for any Papuan magician.

Reasoning thus he tried to dismiss all thought of her danger from mind; but he was not as successful in this as he could wish. It kept returning to him again and again, making him restless and dissatisfied.

Even the Pool of Pearls lost some of its fascination for him. He stopped near the brink and gazed down at the queer play of lights below. Once more the subtle fascination of the pool stole over him, and his fancy pictured strange figures and sights that drew him closer and closer to the brink. It was like the hypnotic power of an evil monster's eyes, lulling his senses into security while his limbs lost their power of resistance.

He started up from his reverie with a jerk, and stepped back in alarm. He had all but stepped over the edge under the strange influence of the subtle power that was numbing his senses.

"Captain Bernice was right," he muttered. "I'll keep away from the place."

To occupy his mind he began an exploration of the shelf of rocks on which he stood. It ran half way around the circular hole, growing narrower on either side. Scar walked around one edge as far as he could go, keeping his body flat against the steep wall for fear of losing his balance.

There was nothing to discover on that side, except a new angle of light on the pool, but the mere exercise of his body and mind was of some help. It enabled him to kill time, which he felt was a gain. To wait there indefinitely in his prison, with the constant fear that Captain Bernice might be in trouble, was not to his liking.

Next he began studying the steep sides of the walls, speculating upon the possibility of any one scaling them. He concluded that it was a physical feat beyond human possibility. He was glancing upward when suddenly a shadow seemed to drift for an infinitesimal space of time across the line of his vision. It was so brief and evanescent that for a second he was unable to say whether or not it was real or an optical illusion.

But Captain Bernice's caution to keep away from the pool's edge so that no stray pair of eyes might see him from above occurred to him.

"It was probably my imagination," he reflected, "or perhaps a bird or animal. Anyway, it's better to play safe. I'll keep out of sight."

He returned once more to the tunnel, and tried to compose himself in the semi-darkness of his prison. His mind was alert and active for a time, his ears pricked up to catch the faintest sound from above. But it was monotonously quiet, with not even the hum of insects to break the stillness.

He partly dozed once, and roused himself finally with a yawn. To throw off his drowsiness, he walked out once more and took a look at the pool. He stood back in the shadow of the walls and watched the calm surface of water below.

"A whole fortune at my feet," he mused. "If I could get away with it, I'd be the richest man in this part of the world."

In spite of his resolution to keep away from the brink, he stepped nearer and stood gazing down into the pellucid depths of the water. The sun had risen higher in the heavens, and its slanting rays fell full upon the water, flooding the whole place with golden light. With a little exclamation of delight at the transformation, Scar stood as one transfixed.

He was so absorbed that he did not hear the slight click of a loosened stone back of him, nor heed the shadow that darkened the entrance to the tunnel. It was only when there was a louder noise behind him, like the rush of wind in a narrow space, that he turned.

He had a brief glimpse of several dark forms rising up out of the ground; a flash of black, fuzzy heads; the gleam of wicked eyes; a queer mingling of bare limbs and strange weapons—then the violent impact that sent him whirling thru space!

As he toppled backward, clearing the brink of the pool, he made a desperate drive to clutch one of the hairy savages with both hands, but missing it by an inch he fell back with a yell of fear.

His dizzy flight thru space was brief but terrifying. He struck the water with a splash and went under. The pool was deeper than it looked from above, and in spite of his fifty-foot fall Scar never touched bottom.

When he rose to the surface and cleared his eyes of water, the heads of the grinning Papuans, who had ambushed him, were bent far over the brink watching him with beady eyes. Looking up at them from the bottom of the pool, they had the appearance of caricatures drawn by a cubist artist. They seemed as unreal as the deep, well-like hole itself.

But the unreality of it all was soon dissipated. The Papuans rose from their recumbent positions, and began dancing around the brink, uttering strange cries and guttural grunts. It was evident to Scar they were celebrating their achievement in trapping him so easily.

A strong swimmer, accustomed to the water, Scar ceased to flounder needlessly about, and began conserving his strength for the ordeal ahead. He had no illusion in the matter. From what Captain Bernice had told him, and from his own observations, he knew there was no chance of climbing out of the place. He had to keep himself afloat until his rescuer returned.

He swam around the pool twice, examining the walls closely, hoping to find some little nitch or break in them that would serve as a resting place. A very small projection would enable him to keep his head above the surface without swimming. But the walls were absolutely smooth and slippery.

After making sure of this, he began an investigation of the bottom. He dove down, but there seemed no limit to the depth in the middle. Along the shores it was shallower, but there were at least ten feet of water at the most favorable point.

He was not greatly surprised at this, but the disappointment was none the less keen. He was hopelessly imprisoned in the pool until some outside rescue came to him. The water, moreover, was icy cold, sending little shivers up and down his spine and compelling him to exercise to keep his blood circulating.

The Papuans above had no intention of following their attack with other methods of torment. They contented themselves in squatting down near the brink and jabbering at him in their native dialect. Occasionally they threw small stones or chips of rock at him, but these for the most part were harmless.

Scar's fear was they intended to beat his brains out with rocks and bowlders, which they could very easily roll over the edge of the pool.

They varied the monotony of jeering at him by occasionally resuming their war dance on the shelf of rocks, pirouetting around to the accompaniment of a weird, sing-song cry that filled the hollow space with uncanny echoes. Scar shuddered, and exercised his limbs to keep the chill from freezing the marrow of his bones.

He was trying to calculate the time he could expect to keep his head above water by carefully conserving his strength. He floated on his back, but each time he had to splash around with renewed vigor to get the numbness out of his muscles. When he tried to tread water for any length of time, he found the exhaustion that followed greater than he expected.

He wasted no breath in shouting maledictions at the celebrating savages. They would not have understood, or understanding it would merely have increased their gloating.

The minutes passed slowly, creeping into quarter hours, half hours, a full hour, and still he swam back and forth, hoping against hope, and dreading the time when unable to take another stroke the bottom of the pool would claim him for another victim.

The sun had passed beyond the noon meridian and was rapidly sinking in the west. Night came very early at the bottom of the pool, and with the declining of the sun an intenser chill came to the air and water. The fight against the cold was almost as great as against the water.

The gloating of his enemies grew less vociferous after a while, and their dancing ceased entirely. Occasionally they craned their necks over the edge to see him swimming close up against the wall. Their interest further subsided when they found him still alive, struggling more desperately to keep his head above the surface.

Captain Bernice will have to hurry if she is to return in time to rescue Scar from his hopeless predicament—hopeless for him, at least, for not even a super-man could hope to scale those smooth, perpendicular walls that towered fifty feet above the pool. There'll be several surprises in the closing chapters, next week.

NEW LEDGER PATTERNS

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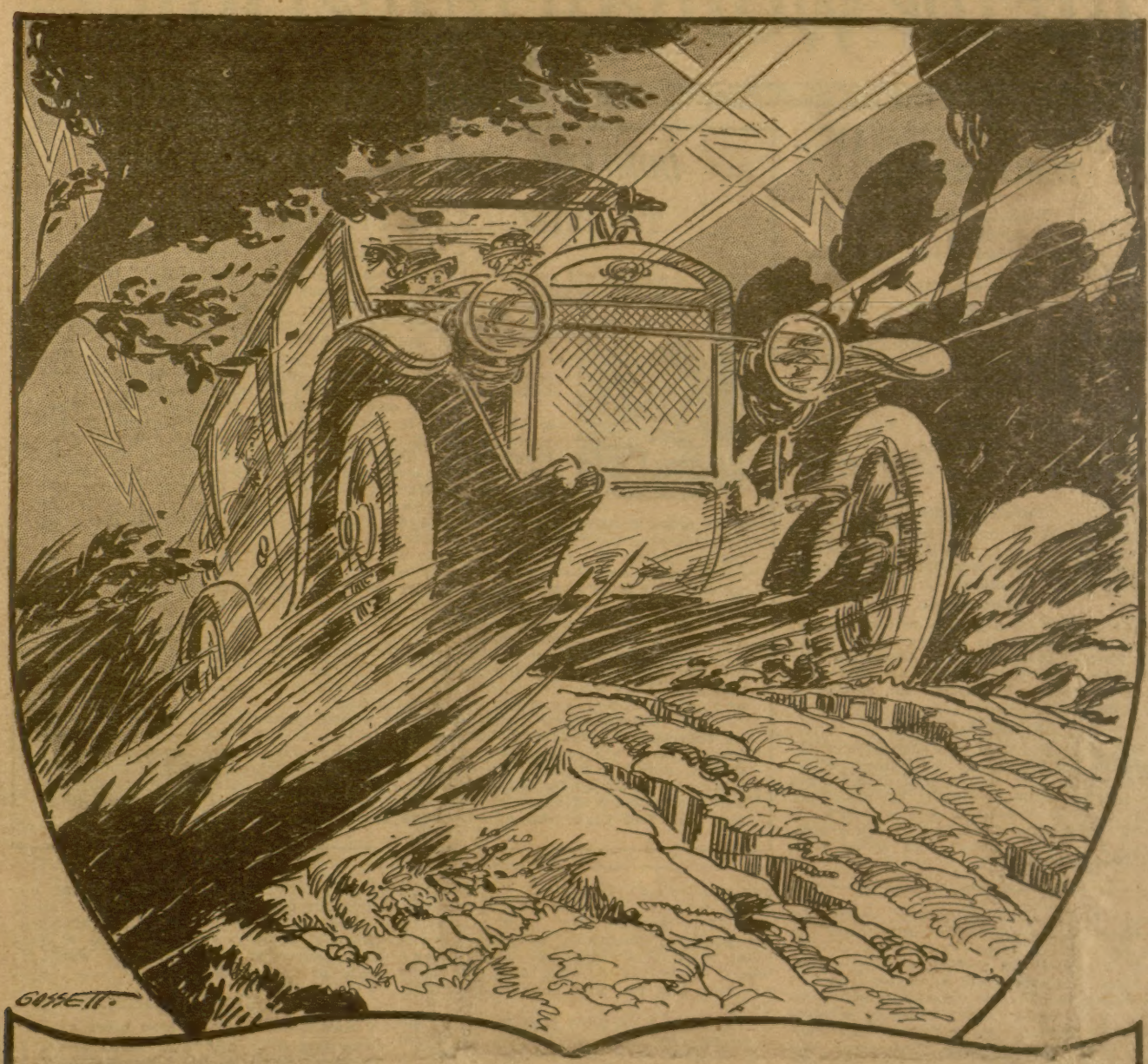
THE WEAKLING by MANTHEI HOWE



Cecilia Was Using Every Bit of Her Skill, but in Spite of Them the Car Lurched and Bumped.

WARD LOOMIS' wife paused in the doorway of the living-room. She was a slender girl in her early twenties, tho her wide, brown eyes and curling hair made her look even younger.

For a bare moment she hesitated at the doorway. She had come here as a bride, and every bride will appreciate the ordeal of meeting "my husband's family."

"What's the trouble, honey?" whispered a voice in her ear. "Not stage-fright—surely?"

"No, indeed," she fibbed gallantly as she smiled up at her tall husband. "Just bashful, I guess."

Loomis laughed indulgently.

"Hello people," he called.

At his voice the living-room sprang to life.

"Why, Ward," exclaimed his mother, "why didn't you wire us that you were coming. We would have been there to meet you."

"Didn't come up in the train. We drove up in the roadster. Wanted to surprise you. Mother, this is Cecilia."

He announced "this is Cecilia" in the tone one might employ in heralding the queen. There was no doubt that big, blond Ward Loomis was in love with his wife.

"So this is Cecilia," repeated Ward's mother as she took the new daughter-in-law's tiny hands in her big, firm ones. "I've been impatiently waiting for Ward to bring you home. This, my dear, is Father Loomis."

Cecilia smiled shyly at a bit older and grayer Ward. Then Mother Loomis went on to name the other members of the family. Janet, the 18-year-old baby of the clan; Katharine, the married daughter; her husband, Dr. Tom Weatherfield, and Peter and Paula, the Weatherfield twins.

They were all big, blond, virile-looking people. Cecilia felt horribly undersized and ineffectual. She voiced unconsciously a bit of her apprehension.

"Say," she smiled at them. "I'll have to grow up to this family. I believe even the twins are as tall as I am."

The Loomises laughed delightedly. They were frankly proud of their health and ruddy looks. They accepted her statement as pleasant funning. Only Dr. Tom Weatherfield glimpsed her thoughts. His eyes twinkled in pleasant understanding.

"That's all right," he teased, "but you want to remember that I dispense nitroglycerin and strychnine, to say nothing of radium, in very small quantities. Strong stuff."

Cecilia beamed at him.

"Don't you flirt with my wife, Tom," commanded her husband, "but she is a temptation, isn't she?"

His family greeted his remark gleefully. His infatuation was so obvious.

"If that's the way you feel about it," grinned Dr. Tom, "I think I had better herd my family into the old car and wend our way homeward."

"It's time we were getting started," agreed Katharine. "That thirty-mile ride takes a bit of time if you don't want to be churned to atoms. It's an abominable road to Palmer, Cecilia, but don't let that keep you from coming to see us. You must come over and spend the day as soon as you can get your things unpacked and can convince Ward that he can spare you for a few hours."

"Oh, I'm coming along," Ward declared shamelessly.

And that was Cecilia's introduction to her husband's family and to a life in Pine Valley.

For a year the young couple planned to live with Mother and Father Loomis and Janet. The roomy old house was big enough to hold them all. At the end of that time the new house further down in the valley would be completed.

THE first night in Pine Valley Cecilia lay wide-awake, staring into the darkness. The night was filled with sounds strange to her city attuned ears. The rustling of the wind in the trees, the slap of moth wings against the window-panes, the snap of a twig under the tread of some night-prowling animal, these and myriad other soft sounds filled her with half terrified fascination.

"I wonder if I'll ever make a real place for myself in this family," wondered Cecilia. "They all look so everlasting capable and unafraid and I'm a perfect goose about some things. Why, I'm even afraid of cows."

With that admission she slid off into a dream-filled sleep, not to awaken until Mother Loomis called her at 11 o'clock the next morning. A glance at her watch and she sprang from bed conscience-stricken.

"I can't imagine what possessed me to sleep so late," she apologized.

"Oh, it's the pine-laden air of the North country," comforted Mother Loomis. "Anyhow, you must have been dead-tired. That hundred-mile ride from the Junction is hard. Ward should have known better than to drive up."

"I love to drive," Cecilia assured her. "I don't get tired. I'm used to driving long distances."

"But you are such a tiny little thing," smiled Mother Loomis.

She proceeded to treat the young wife as a precious jewel to be wrapped in cotton and most carefully handled.

Inwardly Cecilia stormed at their attitude. Once she ventured to speak to Ward about it.

"They won't allow me to do anything but setting the table, wiping the dishes and dusting," she told him smiling ruefully. "And I love to sweep and cook. They seem to think I'll splinter if I swing a broom."

"They mean to be kind," he comforted her, "and you are such a midget."

"But I'm strong," she reminded him indignantly. "I'll warrant you I can stand as much as Janet, even if I can't lift quite as much. I don't want them to baby me. I want to earn a place in the family. I'm no weakling. I want to pull my own weight."

"Why bless your soul, Cia," exclaimed Ward sweeping her into his arms." I couldn't love you half as much if you were as big as Janet. Talk about pulling your weight with the family. My word you could wind mother and father around your little finger right now."

He kissed said little finger, and Cecilia realizing the futility of the argument, kept still snuggling close in his arms. But in her own mind she determined to make the family realize that even if she was small she was not utterly useless.

She had one point of vantage, none of the Loomis family, with the exception of Ward, could drive a car. They all rode horseback, and went in for out of door sports, but of cars they would have no experimenting.

"They do to get places in a hurry," agreed Father Loomis, "but I'd just as soon sit on top Mount Vesuvius as to try to drive one of the pesky things. Ward likes his roadster, and we keep the big car so he can drive us to town, but for me—I'll stick to horses."

They were all correspondingly impressed when they saw Cecilia swing the big car out of the garage and down the steep valley road.

So the summer passed and October came to paint Pine Valley in all the dazzling reds and browns and russets of autumn. Cold nights alternated with warm, lazy days. Cecilia spent possible moments out of doors, and was taking on a fine tan and added weight.

"If you stay in Pine Valley you'll be a regular husky," Father Loomis teased her.

It was at the end of an unusually sultry day that Cecilia had her first experience with one of Pine Valley's devastating storms.

The family gathered around the fire in the big living-room fitfully chatting and listening to the storm. It beat against the windows and roared about the house. The lightning flashed and snapped. Then boom, boom came the crash of thunder rolling and echoing against the walls of the valley and reverberating thru the big rooms.

Ward glanced at his father.

"This is a real storm," he remarked. "I think I'll go out to the barn and see that everything is ship shape."

"I'll go along," replied his father. "Silvertop is probably trying to crawl up the wall by this time."

Silvertop, a big thorobred stallion, was the pride of Father Loomis' heart and Silvertop was tempermental. He was afraid of lightning.

Cecilia dreaded to have Ward leave her, but she resolutely kept silent. She even forced herself to stand beside Mother Loomis at the window, and watch the two men fight their way to the barn.

Even tho there were electric lights strung from the house to the barn, the tiny globes were about as useful as fireflies in the murky darkness.

The women at the window saw the raincoated figures as two dark blurs darting into the lighted square of the barn doorway. A second later the heavens seemed to rip from horizon to horizon in a mighty sheet of flame. The crash that followed drove Cecilia cowering away from the window. Then in the breathless lull that followed the crash, came the sounds of excited voices and shuffling footsteps. The door banged open.

Father Loomis strode in, followed by two of the hired men carrying Ward. Ward with his thick blond hair matted down in a welter of blood. His eyes were closed and his body sagged limply.

"Ward," Cecilia uttered the one frantic cry.

A single look at Father Loomis' face told her he was too stricken to tell anythink coherently. The shock of the lightning and the accident had dazed him.

"What happened?" she asked the hired men, as she and Mother Loomis knelt beside the ominously still body, trying to stanch that red stream.

"They were on their way to the loft. You know they had to pass Silvertop's stall. When that flash of lightning came the big stallion reared and fought to get loose. His hoof must have caught Mr. Ward."

Janet stood near by, helpless and stricken.

"Telephone Dr. Tom," Cecilia bade her curtly.

In a few moments Ward's sister returned. Her face told that her errand had been fruitless.

"I can't get Central, Cecilia. The wires are probably all down between here and Palmer."

"We've got to get help," the young wife declared desperately. "We can't seem to stop this bleeding."

For one helpless moment, she felt herself reeling into a blackness against which she was fighting with every ounce of strength.

"Braxe up, Cecilia," she flayed her weakness. "Show you can pull your weight. It is for Ward."

And like a liferope a saving thought came hurtling thru her panic.

"I forgot the big car," she exclaimed. "Get some pillows and a blanket. Quick Janet. And you men, put on the side curtains. We'll put Ward in the car. Janet you and father will have to hold him. I'll drive."

"That road will be pretty bad down at the river," ventured one of the hired men.

"The danger of waiting here until morning is even greater," Janet reminded them. "We've got to get thru."

Father Loomis and Janet joined in declaring the trip to Palmer beyond a woman's strength. Only Mother Loomis stood with her.

"You and I are going, Cecilia," she declared. "It is the only way."

IT WAS Mother Loomis and Cecilia who deftly lined the broad back seat with pillows and then watched, eagle-eyed,

(Concluded on Page 11.)

A Page for the Woman in the Home

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

STITCH, stitch, stitch! How does that pattern go? Oh, these changes of style!

We are all feeling ill-disposed toward the style makers; and what is more, the long, full waist with the long, full skirt is positively abhorent! Of course we thought the same thing about the short, full skirt when it came, but we realize now that we were all wrong. That style is absolutely entrancing, and lo, as we admire the lines of it, the skirt begins to drop and spoils it all.

There is a yearly conference of clothes' designers and that conference is held behind closed doors and the modes of the next four seasons are determined. And the changes are just radical enough to compel people to buy new stuffs. Not only do these crafty designers change the cut of the woman's toilette, but he invents new goods, "new novelties" in weave, texture, weight and design. Last year it was organdie and French gingham and colored dots in white swiss as well as white dots in colored swiss. Now can you tell me who had any organdie to make over? The last time organdie was worn at all was fifteen years ago.

And the cut of the gown and cloak! Where is there any one who can transform an almost knee-length, full skirt into an ankle-length full skirt? The skirt could have been done in an ankle-length narrow—but an ankle-length full! Never.

And so it goes, thru milady's entire wardrobe. This year it is away with the high heel, long vamp, pointed toe shoes, for the low heel, mixed vamp, square toe has descended, bag and baggage.

And what has become of last year's expensive furs? They are in the basement, marked down to one-sixth their former valuation. I even saw a certain three thousand dollar squirrel coat displayed in a Loop show window last year. This year the tag on that very coat reads $560. And baby-mink, carracule, Persian lamb and krimmer hold the stage.

As I say, it all makes us very wroth at first, and we could massacre the entire designers' convention, and we have serious thoughts about forming a boycot club and we try to face it out with our last year's things, but after the new things are made and we step out into the spring sunshine with our natty, low-heeled oxfords and neatly clocked ankles and everything, what a "grand and glorious feeling it is!" For, do you know what? Humans need change. And if it weren't for that fact, the dressmakers' designers would never get away with their changes. Their scheme would have failed long ago, for they are not out for our benefit, but their own.

Yet, it just happens that we need the change; our eyes need fresh designs; our fingers, new textures; our bodies, new lengths and folds. Change is a tonic. We have to have the "mattress and pillows" of garb shaken up at regular intervals, in order to be at our greatest efficiency.

And so, all in all, I think these selfish designers' conventions do a good and necessary work in the world in spite of themselves.

HAVE YOU A PROBLEM?

Editor's Note: If you have a problem, write it out and send it in to Victoria Grey, care of the Ledger. It will be answered in her new department. Names will not be published.

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S THREE MEALS

BREAKFAST.

Prunes
Cereal and Cream
Parsley Eggs Toast
Coffee or Milk

DINNER.

Minced Lamb With Green Peppers
Hashed Brown Potatoes Fried Parsnips
Lettuce and Mayonnaise
Bread Pudding

SUPPER.

Baked Beans
Apple Sauce Gingerbread
Cocoa

Parsley Eggs.

Butter custard cups. Mix two tablespoons butter, salt, paprika, four tablespoons breadcrumbs and line cups. Break egg in each. Bake six minutes.

Ginger Snaps.

One cupful of molasses, one of sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger, six of butter, four of water, two of cinnamon, one of soda, one teaspoonful of salt and flour to mix hard. Roll thin, and bake in a hot oven.

Bread Pudding

Mix one quart of breadcrumbs softened in boiling water with one cupful of chopped suet, one cupful of currants or raisins, half a cupful of molasses, two eggs well-beaten and a pinch of salt. Turn into a buttered baking-dish, bake for half a hour, and serve with any preferred sauce.

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

TO STIMULATE THAT APPETITE

IT'S an old, old adage that runs: "Hunger is the best sauce," but it is just as true now as it ever was. One reason why the food that we eat when we are away on vacations always seems so well cooked and so much more tempting than that which we have at home is because our appetites have been stimulated by the change of air. The chances are, also, that we have spent more time outdoors, that we have exercised our bodies and thus have made ourselves hungry.

In ordinary cases of loss of appetite, a little sensible starving is not a bad idea. When children lose their appetites, most mothers try to get something to tempt them. They feel seemingly that if the child goes without a meal or eats lightly for several meals, he is in danger of fading away entirely. But with children the abstinence cure for loss of appetite is even more feasible than with adults. For children may rest as much as they choose. They may even spend a day or so in bed, but most adults feel the necessity of keeping up unless they are actually ill. A person in bed needs and should have much less to eat than one who is exercising actively. At first signs of loss of appetite in children—providing they are not extremely delicate—and then a doctor should be consulted—a very good plan is to put them on a very simple diet. If you wish, cut them down to milk and toast, with orange juice between meals. You will surprised to see how soon a child's appetite will come back to normal if his digestive system is relieved of the burden of more complicated food. The last thing you should do when a child loses his appetite is to tempt him with sweets or foods that you know are not best for him.

Try this treatment yourself. Many persons complain of loss of appetite at this time of the year. The old idea was to take some sort of spring tonic. Now, we realize that loss of appetite often simply means that we should rest our digestive systems a little. Instead of taking a tonic, cut your diet down to the simplest form. If you have a Sunday or holiday before you, rest and relax and do a little starving. After forty-eight hours you will find that your appetite has been sharpened surprisingly.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

WHEN YOU ARE ANNOYED

THERE are always some persons whom you meet socially who intentionally or unintentionally annoy you—say things to cause you embarrassment or even to offend you. It is surprising how tactless some persons are, and how much pleasure others derive in making various ones of us squirm under their critical or insinuating remarks. But such people there always are and you must lead the life of a hermit if you wish to go thru life avoiding them.

Some persons have a happy faculty of warding off these unpleasant remarks. Perhaps the best way is to make the least of them. Often you can pretend not to hear them. You can take advantage of some interruption to change the subject. Or you may pretend that the offensive remark was said in jest, and greet it with a smile or a laugh. To show your confusion or to argue about it usually only increases your own mental discomfort, and if the one who inflicts these cutting remarks does it purposely, this method of combating them usually only adds to his or her satisfaction.

Let us take it for granted that you are very loyal and that you will not take part in any uncomplimentary comments about any members of your immediate family or your personal friends. Suppose then that one of these sharp-tongued persons starts with some little dig at one of those whom you feel bound to defend. Suppose for instance your rich and self-centered cousin says: "Alice annoys me so. She insists on going with the Browns and the Browns are such ordinary people." Alice is your sister and the Browns are personal friends whom you admire. What should you say?

It is far wiser not to say anything that will raise an argument. Sometimes you can meet the comment only with a smile. If you have a little courage you may say to your cousin: "Really, you amuse me. You have such original ideas. But I am not going to quarrel with you."

This is a wiser thing to do than to show that you are angry or to start in with a defense of the Browns, for you will not be able to persuade your cousin and you will be walking right into her net if you start an argument.

These Talks on Etiquette Appear Each Week in the Ledger.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about it; its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

SYLVIA

PERHAPS the most poetic of all feminine names is Sylvia. Its origin dates back to mythological times when there was a deity called Sylvanus, a name derived from sylva, meaning wood, or forest. Sylvanus was the protector of husbandmen and their crops. He was generally portrayed as an old man with a cypress tree in his hand. Just before the Christian era, Sylvanus became a Roman proper name and indirectly from it, is derived the masculine Silvius, thru the old legend of the son of Aeneas and Lavinia, born in a wood, and hence called Aeneas Silvius.

Silvius was the name given to a member of the Piccolonnini family, who afterward became Pope. Sylvius and Sylvia became the favorite masculine and feminine names of the era and were specially applied to shepherds and shepherdesses, Sylvia's translation being "living in the wood." From its popularity in the time of pastoral romance, Sylvia became a poetical name for a country maid and has been much used in England as a village Christian name. Some believe it to have been bestowed by a fanciful Lady Bountiful and its use thus given vogue.

Certainly the poets loved to write odes and sonnets and roundelays to Sylvias whose simple virtues and rustic beauty they exalted in lyrical extravagance. Indeed, Sylvia became the class name for rustic maidens, just as "Jane" has been slangily adopted as a synonym for any woman today. The best known of the poems to Sylvia is the charming lyric, "Who Is Sylvia?" of Shakespeare in his "Two Gentlemen of Verona:"

"Who is Sylvia? what is she,
That all the swains adore her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her
That she might adored be.

Is she kind, or is she fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love does to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness—
And being helped, inhabits there."

Sylvia, simplest of rustic maidens, has for her talismanic stone the simplest of gems, the turquoise. Set in gold, it will protect its wearer either riding or walking, so the legend goes. It is the Persians' national stone and they believe that to see the new moon reflected in its blue gleaming surface, is sign of good fortune. Holly is Sylvia's flower; Saturday her lucky day and 2 her talismanic number.

Next Week: EDITH. Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 8 and 26

The Heir

(Concluded From Page 6.)

in the woods and was rushing with another scream thru the night, scattering a rain of fire.

Down upon the track rushed the frenzied animal, with the grinding of the car wheels, to which the brakes had suddenly been applied, maddening him to a last wild effort. A scream burst from Dollie as Richard clasped her in his arms with the instinct of saving her at his own expense.

He tried to fling her from the sled before it should reach the track, but she clung with unnatural strength to the seat. Their ears were filled with a roar as of a tornado at its wildest. Then they were across the track and Sampson was drawing in the horse.

Sampson gasped as if he had been exerting himself to the last ounce of his physical ability. "The race is ended," he muttered.

The train was grinding and groaning to a stand-still. Dollie, too bewildered to understand what had happened, still clutched the seat with a grasp of steel. Voices sounded over the snow. Dark figures came running back from the engine.

"Were they all killed?" called the brakeman.

"Yes, and horribly mangled."

"No, not all," came another voice, "this one is still alive; quick, boys, this way!"

CHAPTER XII.

NOT RESPONSIBLE.

OF THE four men who had been so relentlessly pursuing the heir to the Slidenwell fortune, only old Jud Travis survived the terrible impact of the engine. The automobile had been tossed to one side, a splintered wreck, but the bodies of the three Rogers brothers were carried for some distance along the track. That of Jasper Rogers was still held free of the ground after the train stopped, but the bodies were mutilated, crushed.

The old man, injured internally, and conscious that death was imminent, begged the train crew not to move him, as the slightest change of position caused excruciating pains. "I've only a few minutes to live," he gasped, "let me lie here in peace." Then, catching sight of Richard's face he whispered, "Bend down—I've something to tell you."

The men from the Parker farm, who had helped to place the mangled bodies in the baggage car, grouped about the recumbent form. The conductor and brakeman stood uncertain, fearing to order his removal lest death instantly ensue, yet unwilling to leave him on the frozen ground.

"Yes, leave him in peace," Richard said; "he'll never feel the cold any more." He signaled to Sampson, who had stopped with Dollie down the road, and the fisherman, understanding, started the sled toward town to spare Dollie the grewsome sight.

Some of the men tried to shelter Jud Travis with their coats, but he seemed to think of nothing except the wish to tell Richard what was on his mind.

"When I adopted you, it was because I'd found out you were the Slidenwell heir. I figured that if your name was changed I could bury you in the country with me, and nobody'd ever find you were an Overstreet. I didn't mean to hurt you. God's my witness I never meant to hurt you! Just thought I'd get the three million dollars myself, and no harm to you."

His sentences became broken with his panting breath, but tho the circle of men urged him not to try to talk, he persisted, striving at the same time to stifle his groans.

"I heard the Rogers boys had found out about the fortune, and was searching to see if you was still alive. That showed me I'd have to divide with them, if they didn't make way with me I was afraid they'd do that. So I went to try to make friends with 'em—told 'em about you, how I'd adopted you, and you were there alone in the house, and I was staying away. Didn't tell them to harm a hair of your head. Didn't tell 'em what to do; left it to them. I'm not responsible for what they wanted to do to you. When they got you locked up in your room, they came to town and got me—made me ride in the auto with 'em. Said whatever they got into, I have to stand my part. But I didn't have a gun. I wouldn't have shot at you. I never meant to kill you. I never hinted to them to kill you. I just told 'em you were left there alone and that you was the only one between us and the three million dollars. When I adopted you, I never once thought of doing you harm—just meant to keep the facts from getting to you that by rights you're a millionaire. It was later that I decided to tell the Rogers gang about you. But I didn't tell 'em what to do, as God is my witness—just left it to them to plan—I'm speaking with my last breath and what I'm saying is true—I'm not guilty—I never told 'em what to do. . . ."

"He's gone," whispered one of the men.

Jud Travis opened his eyes. "They're murderers," he muttered, "murderers at heart. Not me. I didn't tell 'em what to do. . . . just said I'd gone away and left you at the house——"

Richard, kneeling in the snow, put his mouth close to the old man's ear. "Did Dollie's uncle-in-law know?" he demanded.

Jud Travis roused himself. "We'd planned, he and I, that Dollie was to marry you if I could ever find you and get you safe in my house under my name. After my plans changed—about letting the gang know—I wrote to him to meet me here and get Dollie to the city, as the boys meant to be a little rough to you—just to initiate you in the family. I got him to go away so they could have their fun. Told him I wanted to try you out, see if you could hold your own against 'em. He didn't suspicion they wanted your life. I never told 'em to hurt you. I'm not responsible—that's my last word——"

His breath was coming now with agonized effort: "I—ain't . . . I ain't —responsible——"

He was dead.

As the train, with a long and melancholy whistle, started on its way, Richard felt that it was carrying him out of the foul nest of sordid tragedy into the peace and joy of a marvelous future. True, the same train was carrying with him the bodies of four men, three at least of whom were "responsible," and these four men, strange to reflect, however distantly connected, nevertheless were his kinsmen. But their villainy, their dark plottings, their unsavory past, could not chill the wild beating of his heart.

For in the future that poured its light in upon his throbbing heart, he saw three million dollars—and Dollie.

THE END.

The Weakling

(Concluded From Page 9)

as the hired men eased Ward onto the improvised couch. Father and Janet sat in front of him, but Mother Loomis sat beside Cecilia, a pallid-lipped Cecilia, whose face looked as cold and bleak as tho carved in marble.

Skilfully she headed the big car into the storm. The lightning was still flashing wickedly. In its glare could be seen holes gouged in the road, trees torn up, stark roots bending under the lash of the storm.

Mother Loomis kept clearing the rain from the windshield, and Cecilia was using every bit of her skill, but in spite of them the car lurched and bumped a bit. Ward began to moan and mutter in delirium.

"Cis," he whimpered, "Can you—can you lift that bowlder off my shoulder? Course you can. Janet might, but not you. But I love you, Cecile." Abruptly he tried to raise himself. He screamed in pain. "Cicely, Cicely, where are you?"

Mother Loomis turned anxious eyes on the young wife.

"Can we go faster?" she asked.

Cecilia shook her head.

"Not until we strike the strip of macadam," she said. "We can't risk skidding. Besides we must be very near the river road. It will be under water."

"You know best, dear," Ward's mother accepted the verdict. "Whatever you think best."

They settled down again to silence and grim driving. Suddenly the lights of the car flashed onto surging waters. The river road's outline was lost in the swirling black torrent.

A very frenzy of hopelessness seemed to sieze upon Cecilia. She felt herself shaking with the frightened beating of her heart. She reached for the brake. At the very edge of the oily black stream the car stopped.

"We've lost out, girl," groaned Father Loomis. "You couldn't find and follow that road. You can't see a single sign of the edge and once off the hard road bed the weight of the car would just bury us in mud."

Cecilia, frightened but unconquered, swung the car to the right a bit. Above the glare of the lights on the water she saw the shadowy outline of the bridge. For a second she gazed hesitant at the thought of plunging into the satiny black flood. Then she straightened her shoulders.

"We can make it," she announced. "It's one chance in a hundred, but we've got to try it. I'm used to driving. I'll fix that bridge in mind. A straight line ought to get us there all right."

She paused a second, weighing the risk, then went on.

"From the height of the bridge I can get a long sweep of light on the road beyond. That part will be easy if I can just get over the next forty or fifty feet."

"We can't do more than try," agreed Mother Loomis. "I'm willing to take the risk if you are."

Cecilia nodded that she heard. She could not trust her voice. She started the engine running smoothly and then threw into low gear.

Slowly, cautiously, as if it sensed the peril, the heavy car crept forward. The front wheels were in the flood now. Cecilia dared not look to either side. The car edged on a length.

"If only the water does not reach high enough to kill the engine," Cecilia voiced her greatest fear.

Foot by foot they crawled along. The worst, the dip in the road just below the bridge, was ahead of them. The black water was swashing over the running boards. They were almost to the bridge. Cecilia felt her pulse pounding. Forcing herself to control, she shifted to second gear and sped the motor a bit. It was now or never. The big car gathered itself and lunged forward.

"Dear God," Cecilia begged, unknowing that she spoke aloud, "don't let the water reach the engine. Don't let it reach the engine."

A splash of water cut short every thought except that of the immediate danger. The car listed wildly. Janet screamed. They felt the car sway perilously, right itself and thunder up the grade. They were safe on the bridge.

Cecilia was shaking so that Mother Loomis cast surreptitious glances at the drawn face. She looked as ill as Ward.

"You had better rest a minute, Cissy," she faltered.

But Cecilia negatived the suggestion determinedly. She swung the headlights in a searching arc over the road. Then seeming to gather all her courage for the final lap of the journey, she grasped the wheel and rushed from the bridge into the plunging water.

Fifty feet of danger during every second, then a mile of rough going and they were on the macadam road. In the distance twinkled the friendly lights of Palmer.

As they swung under the porte-cochere of the hospital the doors opened and a white-coated interne hurried out. He knew that only a serious accident would bring a patient to the hospital on such a night.

Dr. Tom detained late at the hospital, came face to face with the anxious group in the hall.

"Why, father!" He stopped as he glimpsed Ward and Cecilia's imploring eyes. "Don't worry. We'll have Ward all right in just no time."

Then passed an hour that was ticked off in seconds of eternity for the four people who waited in the stiff reception hall. Finally Dr. Tom appeared, still in his operating gown and smelling of ether, tired but smiling.

"It was a close call, Cecilia," he acknowledged. "But you got him here in time. He'll be all right now."

Then Cecilia quietly fainted. She drifted back thru a velvety gray curtain of half recognized sensations. Hazily she began to realize that some one was rubbing her hands, and she heard scraps of talk.

"Tom," Father Loomis was declaring proudly, "you should have seen that little girl drive that big brute of a car over that river road. Gad man, she—she's splendid." Cecilia drifted away again; then, "If Ward had hunted all over creation he couldn't have found a girl to match Cecilia."

Two happy tears trickled down Cecilia's pale cheeks.

"It's good you decided to wake up," Dr. Tom informed her. "Father has been talking me deaf singing your praising. As I recall it I was the first one to call attention to the fact that you made me think of my powerful drugs put up in small packages."

Cecilia could only smile at the bantering. Ward was safe. She had pulled her own weight and proved she was no weakling. She had won her place in the family. What a splendiferous, lovely old world!

* * *

Volcanoes Under the Sea.

SCIENTISTS do not know how many large volcanoes lie under the surface of the oceans. Every now and then a ship at sea will be shaken by a submarine eruption, but the captain will enter the occurrence in his log book and nothing more will be done about it.

A systematic search of past and future log books of ocean vessels has been proposed at the meeting of the International Geodetic and Geophysical Union in Rome which is attended by a number of American geophysicists. The hydrographic office of each country will be asked to undertake an investigation of the logs, and ocean steamship lines will be asked to cooperate.

This information will aid in the compiling of a catalog of volcanoes. Scientists expect to find that there are many more volcanoes hidden in the seas than are visible rising out of the land or sea, as the earth's surface is about one-fourth land and three-fourths sea. Rows of volcanoes are found along great cracks in the earth's crust. One such supposed volcanic zone runs from the West Indies to the Azores and many of the Pacific islands are wholely of volcanic origin, one example being the Hawaiian Islands.

* * *

Something like sixty thousand tons of soot fall annually over London.

Cave Man Stuff

BACK near the beginning of things, our prehistoric forebears would have perished from the earth if they had not understood the science of reading advertising.

The cavemen didn't know much about underwear, hair tonic or phonographs, but they did have to eat. The one who could follow the tracks of the game he hunted, or read the meaning of a twisted leaf or broken twig, was best off in life.

Then, as now, the most consistent reader of advertising was best dressed, best fed and most contented.

There has been something of an evolution in advertising in the last few thousands of years, but the principle is just the same.

The *consistent* reader of the advertisements is invariably best informed on what to eat and where to get it; what to wear and how much to pay for it; what to do and how to do it. He's up on the most important things in life. Consequently he gets most from life.

Throughout the ages, advertising has done much to make life livable and pleasant. We owe it much.

Let's make the most of it.

Toot! Toot! All Aboard! More About

A Double-headed Conspiracy

by Horace Howard Herr

CHAPTER XIII.

IT BEING generally understood in our domicile that my arrival was not governed by the time card, no one ever waited up for me to register in at night. It was nearer midnight than eleven o'clock when I unlocked the home switch and slipped into the hall to find our living-room as crowded as a switchman's lodge shanty on the night officers are elected.

Mac was there with Mike, the bulldog, crouched in front of him, in characteristic pose; Kate was sewing as if she had to deliver another gross of button holes by seven o'clock in the morning or see her family go without its breakfast; Pat was very much there, evidently having but recently come in from an interesting meeting at the People's Forum. Hardin J. was there, including his cigarette, altho he seemed to be setting out on a spur and taking little interest in the chatter.

"Why the overtime session?" I asked as Jerry, the other bulldog, got up from near Hardin J.'s chair and sneaked over to see if I had my shoes on. "You folks don't worry about me when I'm out after the curfew blows, do you?"

"If we don't it isn't because there's no reason," Mac said in that imitation bear growl of his. "Suppering with——"

"Father!" Pat exclaimed in distress. "There is no such word and the evening meal is dinner!"

"Only when we have company and wear a dinner jacket," Mac retorted.

"And it is neither dinner nor supper when there's no real food—only fancy work and the bill," I said, trying to stop an argument of long standing by what might be called a compromise.

"Well, you're taking an awful chance when you dine with that pink burlap person at night in a strange hotel, that's all I've got to say," was Mac's comeback.

I was going to tell Mac that I knew where he could get a nice write-up and picture of himself printed if he was willing to pay for it, but Pat had a cut of conversation that she shoved in on my lead before I got started:

"Jackson," she said with that kindly interest in me which made me love her, "I trust you will not permit yourself to be influenced in any way by the fact that Buraleen first came to this house as my friend. I'm sure you are a man of discrimination and judgment."

"Since when are you sure?" I asked. "I've known you from the day you insisted on cutting your teeth on any old shoe you could get to your mouth and this is the first time you ever admitted that I had either discrimination or judgment."

"You know that isn't true, especially about my chewing old shoes!" she exclaimed. "But even wise men lose their perspective, sometimes, when there is a woman in the case."

"Well, I'm here to say a man could do a lot worse than couple onto Miss Buraleen," I said, feeling a little impatient with both Mac and Pat. "Blue coats and brass buttons don't make a real conductor and I've a notion that this family ought to be the last to throw coal at Miss Buraleen."

"It's decidedly undemocratic," Hardin J. drawled without looking up from the magazine he was reading.

"Being democratic doesn't call for

The Bulldog Crouched in Front of Him.

imprudence," Pat retaliated. "Jackson is inexperienced with women and he doesn't know Buraleen's sort as well as some of us do."

It was all that I could do to keep from popping off, at that. There are times when Pat is more irritating than a woolen shirt in July and it was mighty small potatoes for Mac to be speaking lightly of a young woman who was doing her best to save his railroad for him. I didn't say anything right then, because if I had tried to talk about all I would have done would have been to stutter like a drop of water on a hot cylinder head. Kate came to the rescue.

"Every person has good qualities if one just looks for them," she said, passing one of her smiles my way.

As a rule anything Kate says meets my full approval, but somehow neither her smile nor her words made me feel comfortable. It just seemed to me that all of us had got so far away from denim pajamas and gingham aprons that we were forgetting the times when they were our best friends and we were proud of them. I bolted for bed, via the pantry, determined that I would leave nothing undone that might help Buraleen recover that stock certificate and thereby place the whole McKearney family under obligation to her.

I got in an hour of overtime after I went to bed trying to switch out a plan for getting back that certificate without breaking into the newspapers, but sleep caught up with me before I had the problem solved and when I woke up in the morning I had nothing to show for my mental effort, but an appetite that would have been a credit to an overworked section hand.

As it looked as if it wouldn't be our road much longer I saw no necessity for haste in getting to the office, so I took my time going thru the shower and getting into my clothes and down to the breakfast-room. Miss Ophelia, a buxom brunette from Alabama, had a style all her own when it came to turning out batter cakes and it had been a moot question of long standing as to whether she could cook them as fast as I could eat them. We decided the argument that morning and we had got to the place where she had stuck her head in at the door to see how many friends I had rung in on her when Kate came in from the living-room with a telegram in her hand.

"Good news for you, Jackson!"

"Buraleen's recovered the stock certificate. I told you——"

"Oh, no—not that. Laura and her daughter start East tomorrow."

"That is good news," I said, experiencing a real thrill of pleasure. "Four days more and we'll have real company. Kate, do you think it might be that Hardin J. would take an interest in the kid? It wouldn't be bad at all, since he is going West and could Sunday at Laura's most every week."

"You'll never understand, Jackson, how unsafe it is to venture an opinion in such affairs until you fall in love. There is no way in the world to be sure, in advance, that Hardin J. will so much as notice the young lady and vice versa."

"Oh, I don't know, Kate! Just wait until we have them vis-a-vis," I said, just to show Kate that I was right up with her when it came to using French. There isn't a normal plant known to phrenology that refuses to grow if you see that it is surrounded by favorable conditions. I believe there is a good deal of bunc in this love business. Take the average man and woman and see to it that they are much in each other's company and——"

"You won't expect me to accept you as an authority on the subject, Jackson," Kate interrupted. "Don't set your heart on something which you know, in advance, is quite improbable."

"But you would be in favor of it, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I suppose Hardin J. will marry, sometime," Kate replied without enthusiasm. "Grace Thompson is a pretty, healthy child and, if she takes after Laura she must be a sensible one."

"And not so much of a child, at that!"

"All of them, Grace, Hardin J., and especially Patricia, are but children."

"That's right, Kate, don't admit we're getting old until you have to."

Kate laughed and looked at me with that quizzical squint in her large, dark eyes which always made it impossible for me to tell whether she was in earnest, or just stringing me.

"It isn't time for you to admit growing old, Jackson. You've been so close to Mac and me, so long, you forget you are five years younger than I and seven years younger than Mac. Forty-three isn't old, not for a man. Hardin J. is only 23, and Kate 21. You are one of the youngsters in this family. Really, Jackson, you should begin to think about settling down and beginning to live."

"You're not giving me notice to change my boarding-house, are you Kate?" I asked in mock anxiety.

Pat came in at that moment ready for a trip to the People's Forum and as she offered to take me down in the limousine I had to grab my hat and run before I got Kate's meaning.

ON THE way to town I took an unusual interest in Pat's work at the social center and by admitting that she might meet many interesting characters in such a place and inviting her to tell me about her latest escapade in democracy, as you might say, I got rather an earful of interesting information on a young Westerner for whom she was then trying to make safe and secure the way of a great city.

I was particularly interested—at any rate I pretended that I was—in just how Pat went about it to be helpful. How, for example, in the case of this Westerner, did she arrive at a decision as to the field of activity which, to quote her language, "offered a natural field for self-expression."

It seems arriving at this decision is a very simple matter of intelligent deduction which means, if I have absorbed the crux of Pat's exposition, that you take the wheel base of an engine, multiply it by the circumference of the driver, dividing the answer by the highest number on the steamgauge, add one-half scoopful of coal dust and gently mix with a quart of cylinder oil, taking the sediment thereby precipitated and gently dividing it with a coal pick you have something which, with ordinary intelligence and kind treatment will suggest to you the intellectual capacity of the tallowpot who fires the engine. In other words, all engines have wheels, headlights, steam cocks, bell ropes, and Johnson bars; therefore, ipso facto, e pluribus unicorn, anything with wheels, headlight, steam cock, bell rope and Johnson bar is an engine.

In the case of this Westerner it worked out that all moving picture show companies have to pay some one to be a Westerner; therefore, any Westerner is qualified for the job of westernering in a movie show.

"But even movie actors have to have some historic talent," I protested.

"Histrionic, Jackson!" Pat exclaimed. "This Mr. Barber has, I believe, dramatic genius."

My suggestion that it would proba-

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bly have been just as well to get him a job which harmonized with his name somehow seemed to irritate Pat.

"He is a very unusual young man, Jackson; not the sort, at all, you will find in a shaving parlor. He is very well educated and seems so timid!"

"I thoroly enjoyed hearing all about the timid Mr. Barber who, presently, I was assured, would prove the season's sensation as a film star in those dramas of action where the hero wears chaps, drinks whisky and carries large and uncouth revolvers protruding from his belt. Just as we drove up to the curb at the office, Pat was telling me that she was determined to take an interest in this young and friendless Westerner and she felt she could further this purpose by inviting him to the house.

"Well, it's your picnic!" I exclaimed, as I unloaded from the car.

"But, Jackson, there is no reason why I shouldn't invite him to call, is there?"

"There may be, but I can't think of one right now," I replied.

"Well, will you help me entertain him? You know you have been all over the West and can talk about things in which he would be interested."

"Now Pat——"

"Please, Jackson! Just one evening and, really you'll find him interesting and quite handsome."

"Oh, well, if you need help I'll try to be within call."

Speaking of trouble, I had mine the next four days. Mac seemed to be a perfect vacuum as far as worth-while ideas went; he couldn't suggest a thing we could do to get back that certificate and frankly admitted we were lost if Buraleen and I failed to recover the document. Buraleen made no appreciable headway and as far as getting any place all I did was to imitate a crawfish and go ahead backing up.

To add spice to my worries that young Westerner had to show up on two occasions, determined to resign from the preferred run I had made for him. The second time he tried to terminate his contract it took me almost one whole night to get him to compromise. He had just been invited to spend an evening at our house and, to quote him, he "wasn't going to abuse Miss Patricia's hospitality by sailing in under false colors." It wasn't fair to Pat and, besides, the fraud would be apparent as soon as Mac appeared on the scene.

I tried to divert Billy Barber's thoughts to art and the drama; I tried to lead him to a discussion of what the Brainbridge crowd was doing in the 'Frisco Valley, but he wouldn't divert and he wouldn't lead. There was just one thing on his mind: What was going to happen to him when one Patricia McKearney found out that he wasn't what he pretended to be.

In sheer desperation I drew a very lurid picture of what was going to happen to the McKearney family if Mac lost control of the Continental and, a particular in which I could be quite honest, I swore that it was better than a hundred-to-one shot that Mac was going to lose control. Finally by showing Billy how impossible it was for me to devote my time and talents to such trivial affairs as ameliorating the fate which he was sure awaited him when Pat discovered that she had been jobbed, he agreed to go along and behave himself, as becomes an incipient moving picture star, until after the annual meeting in which Mac and the rest of us would meet our fate. His agreement to this procedure was based on my solemn oath that the very day following the annual meeting he was to be at liberty to tell Pat who and what he was and I was to stand by and take the blame for having deceived the young woman.

IT SEEMED to me Mac's interest in the recovery of the stock certificate waned as the date for the annual meeting approached. This worried me because I knew Mac wasn't a quitter by disposition or training; when there is a fight on it just seems natural for him to start in with the soup and take double-portions all the way thru to the pie. I could not escape the suspicion that the prospect of being kicked out of the management of his pet railroad had crushed his spirits as flat as a Baldwin hog would crush his body if it rolled on him. It all made me feel a little bit sorry for the big stiff and, for a fellow with a strong back and no brains, I went the limit trying to recover the little piece of paper which meant the balance of power on the Continental.

Buraleen called on Shirley and insisted that he return to Mac immediately the stock certificate. Shirley laughed at her, saying that McKearney had sent the certificate of his own free will and had made no demand for its return and he was justified in the conclusion that the general manager of a transcontinental railroad knew what he was doing and intended that he, Shirley, should have this stock.

Since Mac had been a prospect uncovered by Miss Buraleen, and since she had gathered all the information with which the salesman was armed when he sold Mac, Shirley offered to pay her the usual 25 per cent commission on the basis of the par value of the twenty-five shares of stock. That stock was just one thousand dollars a share and when a young woman passes up more than $6,000 in commissions just because the deal hasn't been put over according to the Standard Book of Rules, there must be something substantial to her even if she does use paint and wear a pink breakfast jacket, or whatever it is that they call those things which look like a Chinaman's shirt.

When Buraleen reported this interview to me I decided it was time for me to have a talk with this Shirley person and I asked her to be good enough to arrange it. Of course we couldn't find

"Good News for You, Jackson!"

him when we wanted him. I needed but one guess as to where he was; out dickering with Dane Bishoff and the Brainbridge gang, of course. That stock would be voted by the other side of the house!

Perhaps I would have had a stall in the house with the upholstered walls by the time the annual meeting materialized, if I hadn't had Pat and Hardin J. to think about. But Laura Thompson showed up as per schedule bringing with her as sweet and pretty a girl as ever did honor to the name of Grace. She had the Western air about her; the Western frankness, the Western complexion and, taking all in all, she was as attractive as an observation Pullman just from the shop. If Laura just gave the girl a fair chance I felt as if Hardin J.'s future in its matrimonial aspects would shortly be assured.

The first evening Grace was in our midst I lingered on the outer circumference of the family circle and tried to formulate a set of running orders which would give Hardin J. a clear track for fast traveling. The second evening was the one Pat had set aside for her movie star from the West. It just wouldn't do to have Grace in the landscape on that occasion and I was wondering how I could clear the library yard so that Pat and her Western protege would be permitted to devote their entire interest to the drama and other things. Hardin J. solved the problem for me and Kate helped.

Hardin J. wanted to take Grace to the theater, which, under the circumstances, was very thoughtful of Hardin J. Of course, as a matter of form, Laura must join the party. Obviously, it wouldn't do for Laura to go to the theater with no one to talk to. Kate could see that as soon as I pointed it out. It was a good deal to ask of Mac, but Kate showed him how it was the gallant thing to do and, besides, it was a musical show for which Mac had a failing.

When I saw Hardin J. hand Grace into the limousine that night I felt as if the entire world hadn't gone to pot after all. If a certain aspiring and perspiring movie actor in his bearing toward Pat that evening, had shown the same daring interest as Hardin J. showed toward Grace as he all but lifted her to a place beside him on the front seat of the automobile, I would have gone to bed that night feeling pretty well satisfied with myself. As it was I was far from discouraged because Kate said to me as I slipped away to my room about 11 that night:

"Your Mr. Barber is a real man."

"He couldn't be anything else," I said, unable to resist the opening, "and be in the movies."

Kate laughed and it was that happy whole-hearted laugh which, when I heard it, no matter what evidence to the contrary, makes me satisfied with the general results I am getting in running the world even tho I realize that in some very minor and unimportant particulars there is room for improvement.

Don't miss Billy Barber's sensational movie stunt in the next installment of the story—in the next number of the Ledger.

* * *

At Auction: One Wife

(Concluded From Page 2.)

plain here, she is going to be auctioned off. Nobody can bid unless they have paid twenty dollars, and don't any one try it. Now, then, who starts bidding? It is to be cash bids and the marriage can take place within an hour. Who will start with five thousand dollars?"

Nobody started off and Will did not expect them to. Something else started off. A house-painter who sometimes took a nip too much, was in the crowd and he caught sight of a widower named Crane, about 75 years old, and the father of nine children. The painter seemed to boil over with rage. He went up to Crane, and pulled his nose and said:

"You old hyena, you want a young wife, eh? You want that young girl to be a stepmother to your brats at home, eh? You just try to bid, and I will pull all your whiskers out."

OF COURSE, the man resented his words and treatment, and some of his friends did. In a little while there was a fight going on, and nobody paid the least bit of attention to the auctioneer. During this interval, Will put down his twenty dollars so that he might bid, and said in a loud voice:

"Gentlemen, there she stands, and we are waiting for your bids! Give me a bid of a thousand dollars—five hundred dollars—one hundred or fifty dollars or any sum you please. I bid twenty-five dollars. Does any one bid any more? Twenty-five! Twenty-five! Do I hear any other bid? No. Going, going, going! The last call! Then my bid is the highest. Going, going, gone! I take Maggie Hart and you can't complain for every one has had a fair chance."

There was a row, of course, but it did not do the crowd any good. The justice of the peace was there, and said it was a fair sale. It was their business to keep out of the fight and to bid. If they had rather fight than bid, the auctioneer was not to blame.

All who had bid their twenty dollars were that much out, and Will Davis was the owner of a wife. The couple went across the road to the minister's, from the auction, and were married in a few minutes, and they had nearly two thousand dollars in cash and all was to go well with them in the future.

Now then, was it any plan of Will's to have that house-painter pull old Mr. Crane's nose and start a row going? It looks that way to some people and to others it looks in a different way. It is for you to take your choice, but it will be the first and only incident you have read of a man getting a wife at auction.

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What Makes Them Wild.

The printer set up a poster to advertise an address by a militant suffragette. Her subject was, "Woman: Without Her, Man Would Be a Savage." When the speaker called for the posters the proofreader had to leave town suddenly, for the flaming sheets read, "Woman, Without Her Man, Would Be a Savage."

IN A FEW WORDS

VOLUMES have been written by aspiring poets and novelists to describe the shipwreck of romance, but the story has seldom been told more effectively than in the words of a man who recently testified in his divorce suit: "Every Sunday in our married life was horrible. Sunday was the big day. We fought all day.

"One time when I was going away, I asked her, 'Aren't you going to kiss me good-by?'"

"If—I, no!' she said.

"So we parted."

Independent.

"Oi'll not work for that man Hoga.. [illegible] of a remark he made to me today."

"What did he say?"

"He says: 'O'Connor, you're discharged!'"

Reel Crazy.

Inmate of Asylum—Would you mind getting me a nest?

Visitor—A nest? What do you want it for?

Inmate—I am a scenario writer and I would like to hatch a plot.

Not Sharp Enough.

Watchmaker—Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor?

Dodd—Yes; did you think it would go thru?

TWO DOLLARS SAVED

A MAN rushed up to the home of a doctor in the village late one night and asked him to come at once to a distant farmhouse.

The doctor hitched up his horse and they drove furiously to the farmer's home.

Upon their arrival the farmer asked: "How much is your fee, doctor?"

"Three dollars," said the physician, in surprise.

"Here you are," handing over the money; "the blamed liveryman wanted $5 to drive me home."

Minus Essentials.

Teddy—You haven't any whiskers or very much hair.

Sister's Hero—Well, what of it?

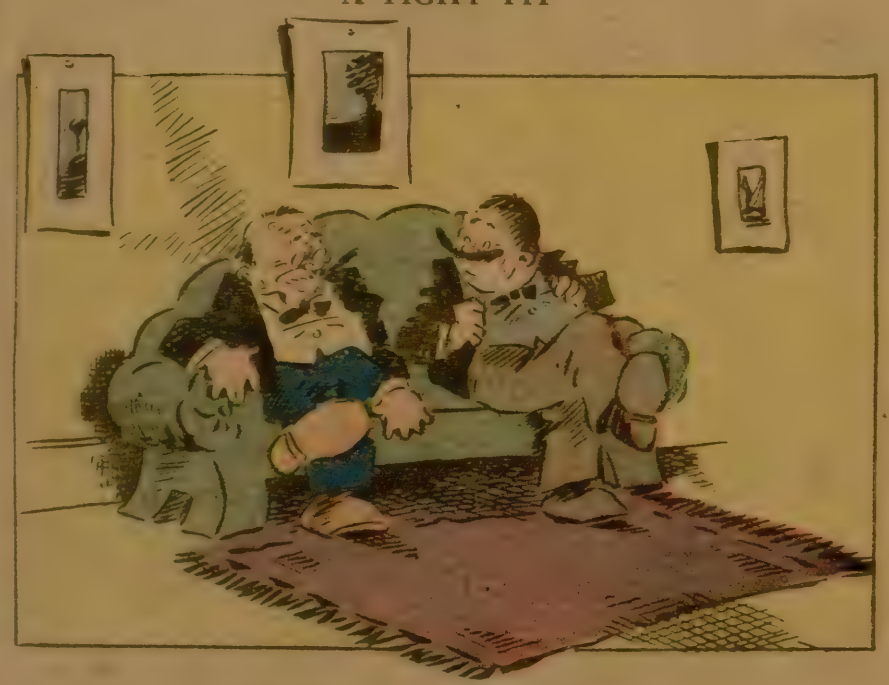
"Oh, I was only wondering how pa was going to manage it."

"Manage what?"

"He said he was going to mop the floor with you."

SOLID IVORY

A TIGHT FIT



"Can you live within your income?"
"Yes, but I'm crowded for room!"

Wool-gathering.

Professor—Haven't seen you, Mrs. Blank, since your marriage. Have you any children?

Mrs. Blank—I have a boy of 7 and a girl of 5.

Professor—Dear me, how time flies! It doesn't seem possible that you have been married twelve years.

Merely More Economical.

Miss Vera Drye—Well, Mr. Rumbeak, I'm glad you don't spend all your money in the horrid old saloon any more.

Mr. Rumbeak—Yes, the Missus and I make it at home now and find it much cheaper.

Right.

"How long do you think I should wear my dresses?" asked the flapper of her father.

"About three years," snapped the Old Man.

Cutting.

"Do you know, Gertie," said Maudie, "Wilfred says I grow more beautiful every time he sees me."

"Well, darling," responded Gertie sweetly, "I should ask him to call oftener."

NATURE NOTE!

When girls show dimples in their cheeks,
They smile instead of frown;
But when they show them in their knees—
They—just—sit—down

An Also Ran.

Exuberant Young Man (at wedding, to dismal-looking guest)—What's the matter? Haven't you kissed the bride yet?

Dismal Guest—Not lately.

The Penalty of Riches.

"Mr. Grabcoin, the chairman of the uplift committee has just telephoned to say that she and the other ladies are on their way to see you."

"Confound the luck! Why didn't you tell her I'd probably be out when they called?"

"I did, sir. She said they knew you'd probably be out, and they are just coming to tell you how much."

The Other Fellow's Toothache.

Sufferer—I have a terrible toothache and want something to cure it.

Friend—Now, you don't need any medicine. I had a toothache yesterday and I went home and my wife kissed me and consoled me so that the pain soon passed away. Why don't you try the same?

Sufferer—I think I will. Is your wife at home now?

Surely!

"At last," said the young man with literary ambitions, "I have written something that will be accepted by the first magazine to which I send it."

"Don't be too sure about it," his friend replied. "You never can tell."

"But this is a check for a year's subscription."

Hint.

Little girl of 4 (standing entranced before the gifts in window of toyshop)—Oh, mother, if you was my little girl wouldn't I take you in and buy some of those lovely things!

Ask Dad!

Marion—George was the goal of my ambitions, but——

Mildred—But what?

Marion—Father kicked the goal.

That So, Girls?

Again they're asking why girls shut their eyes when they are kissed. Look at some of the men who kiss them. That's the answer.

His Opinion.

"What is this alleged work of art?"

"It's a frieze."

"It's a frost."

Clientele Restricted.

Sign in a Boston Restaurant—"No nuts served with our 35-cent dinner."

CHECKING UP

A NEGRO boy walked into a drug store and asked permission to use the telephone; then he called up Mr. Jones, and the following conversation took place:

"Is this you, Mistah Jones?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mistah Jones, I saw yo' ad in de paper the other day and yo' wanted a boy. Did you get one?"

"Yes."

"Is he giving perfect satisfaction?"

"Yes, he's giving perfect satisfaction."

"Well, Mistah Jones, providen this boy don't give perfect satisfaction, you call me at 504."

The boy turned and started out, and the druggist, who had overheard, remarked: "You didn't do any good, did you?"

"Yes, sah," came the reply. "I'se de boy what's working down there. I's jest checking up to see how I stand."

Pleasure With Pain.

Markwich—Does your sister like reading?

Jones—Yes; she considers reading a pleasure, but it usually takes her longer than anybody else to read a book, because she always forgets where she stopped reading the last time and has to start at the beginning again to be on the safe side.

Dad's Addendum.

"I'll explain deduction," said the young law student, airing his knowledge in the home circle. "In our back yard, for example, is a pile of ashes. By deduction that is evidence that we've had fires going this winter."

"By the way, John," broke in his father, "you might go out and sift the evidence."

True Enough.

"Then you have decided not to marry him to reform him?"

"Such is my decision. If the Government can't reform him, what chance have I?"

"To the Pure."

"Your milk is nothing but chalk and water," said the housewife. "It is not pure."

"To the pure," said the milkman chidingly, "all things are pure."

WHY WILL THEY DO IT?

She cannot dance the toddle,
For she is much too fat,
But you should see her waddle,
She shakes the floor at that

Improving the Calendar.

The Waiter—May's too late for oysters, sir. Months with an R, you know.

The Guest—Well, what of it? May is only a nickname for Mary.

Jury Duty.

"Why do they call 'em talesmen?"

"Every one has a tale ready," explained the judge, "as to why he shouldn't serve."

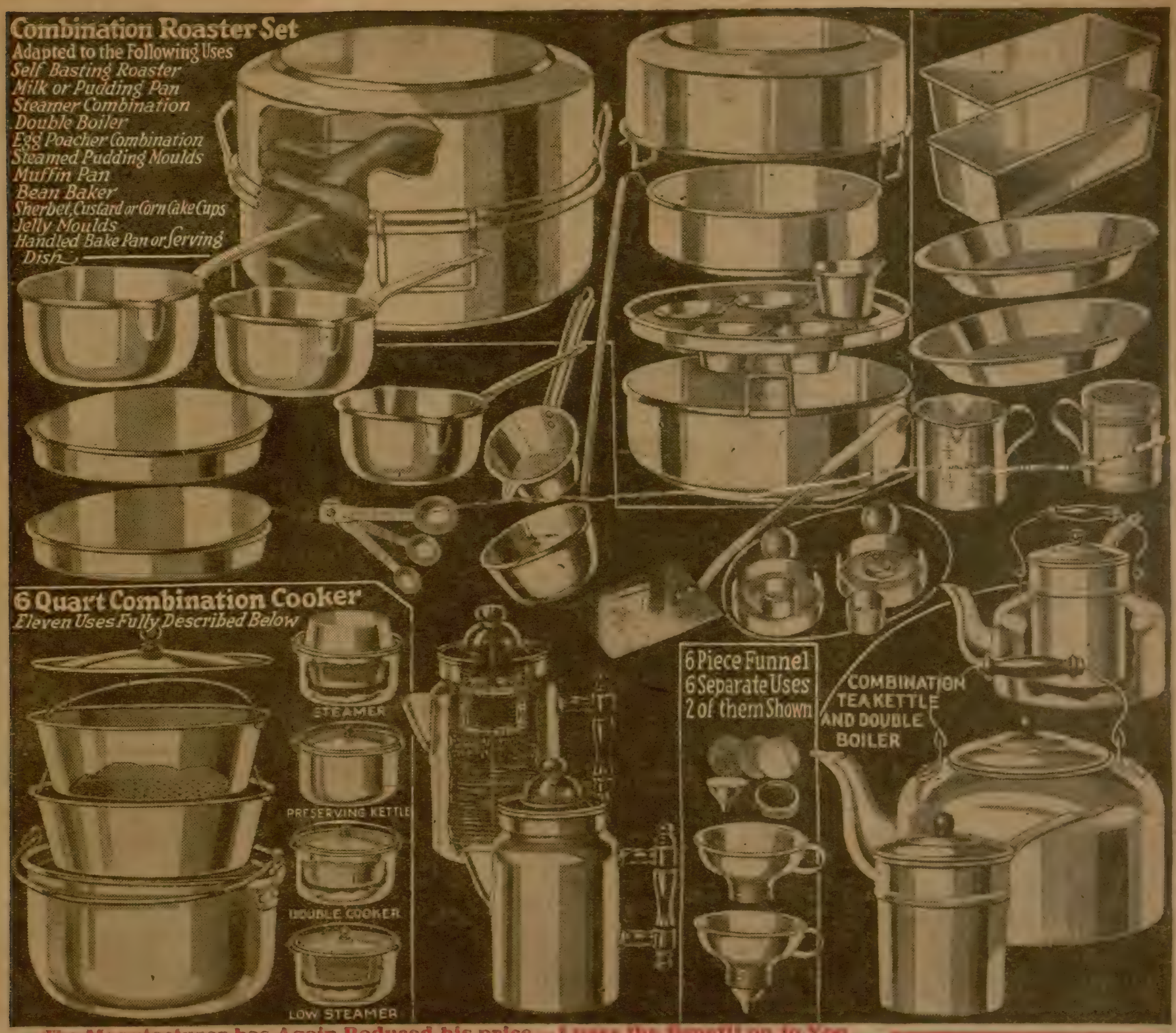
DON'T AGREE.

"Time is money," so they say.
Yet if this is so,
How is it that "Time is short"?
We would like to know.

Why Worry.

He—Great heavens! The rudder is broken off!

She—never mind, darling, it doesn't show.



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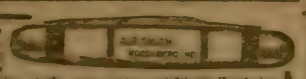
TRUE KNIFE **FREE** 
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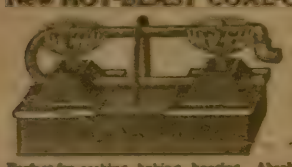
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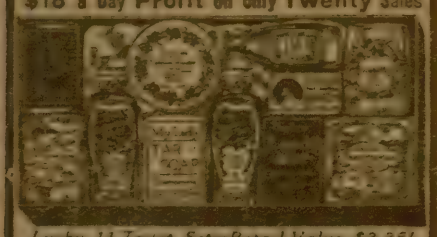
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The Scar

(Continued From Page 4)

"Come on," he said awkwardly.

Mark obeyed.

Once outside the house, tongues ran riot. In half an hour Mark had learned pretty nearly all there was to know about his new quarters

The food was "rotten"—old Jope wasn't such a bad old codger—but Mrs. Jope! Two pairs of eyes were cast heavenward in mute appeal; two voices eagerly explained how mean she was!—how sly!—what a vile old cat!

"She locks up all the jam and the sugar—she listens at our bedroom door at night, and then tells the old man what we've said about him."

Mark's eyes glistened. He thought this was going to be fun.

They walked thru the village, and he repeated the question he had asked of the stable boy earlier in the evening.

"Is this all the place there is?"

They told him yes; but that it wasn't so bad—they managed to get quite good fun out of it. There was plenty of birds'-nesting and sometimes a rat-hunt in the vicarage stables.

Mark's spirits rose. He rather liked the dark-eyed boy—he had forgotten his name and presently asked him what it was.

"Bishop—I know yours: we've heard nothing else all this week. Your father's one of the nobs, isn't he?"

Mark considered.

"Who said so?" he asked diplomatically.

Bishop laughed.

"The old cat did—Mrs. J."

They were within sight of the vicarage now and as they crossed the road from the village side a little girl in a red coat picked a stone off the path and flung it at them. Mark swung round.

"What did she do that for?" he asked, annoyed.

It was Bishop who answered.

"She hates us: we broke her mother's windows the other day—me and Lawley——" He indicated the third boy, who had hardly spoken a word all the way.

"What for?" Mark asked interestedly as he looked back at the little girl in the red coat.

"She's a rotter," Bishop answered loftily. "Her mother is, I mean—she hasn't got a husband——"

"Hasn't got a husband?"

Bishop laughed—he was nearly 16.

"Say, you're pretty green," he said contemptuously, and thereupon proceeded to explain what he meant.

CHAPTER III.

IT IS quite certain that had not Mark's father been paying exorbitant fees for him to remain at Osterway Vicarage, his first so-called "term" there would also have been his last.

Before he had been there three days, Mrs. Jope pronounced him to be the worst boy it had ever been her misfortune to meet and she predicted that he would end his days in a felon's cell. She warned Bishop and Lawley that out of such boys as Mark Hellaby grew the great criminals of the world. Every day she threatened to write to Miss Midian and request that Mark be removed, but she really had no intention of carrying the threat into practice, and Mark knew it.

If she sent him to his room for punishment, he got out of the window and went off to the village; if she persuaded her husband to administer the cane, Mark took it unflinchingly, and stalked away afterwards with his head in the air.

"That boy will come to a bad end—a bad end," the Rev. Algernon prophesied sadly; but he made the prophecy to please his wife. In his heart he really rather liked Mark, and considered him a boy of great spirit. And Mark liked him too, in the half-bashful, half-contemptuous way in which a high-spirited boy will care for an older man whom he knows to be both weak and incapable of commanding respect.

Once, when the old man was laid up with a touch of pneumonia, Mark was so good that Mrs. Jope feared he must be ill. She coddled him with hot gruel and gave him jellies, all of which Mark took with a grin and his tongue in his cheek, and as soon as the Rev. Algernon was about again he was worse than ever.

He was a very handsome boy—the [illegible] Midian insisted on calling his dead mother. He had her gray eyes and dark lashes, and a tender mouth which could curve into the loveliest smiles without in the least meaning it

"He looks like an angel," so the old cook at the vicarage said of him one day when she found that he had ruined her puddings by filling them up with salt, "but he's a perfect young devil, that he is!"

But she liked him nevertheless—liked him for his impudence and high spirits, and many a time when Mark was sent supperless to bed for some misdemeanor, she would creak up the stairs with a cake or a tart hidden under her apron to present to the delinquent.

"Are you a 'delicate boy' too?" Mark inquired of Bishop one night, with a grin.

They were sitting together on the vicarage wall, hidden from the house by a bed of thick laurels.

Bishop laughed.

"That's what I was sent here for. Bally rot, tho, isn't it?" He thumped his chest. "Some fool of a doctor told my people I'd got lungs," he explained rather vaguely. "What's yours?"

Mark was uncertain, but he had his own private theory that he had simply been sent to Osterway because Mrs. Jope was a bosom friend of Miss Midian's. He knew that they wrote to each other as "Dearest Martha" and "Dearest Annie," because he had seen the letters on Mrs. Jope's desk, and he was shrewd enough to guess that it had been a matter of arrangement between them as to what fees his father should pay!

As a whole he liked Osterway; the lessons were easy, and the Rev. Algernon was not over-conscientious: there were frequent holidays, and many feast and fast days to be observed.

Mark had been there about two months when one day he came face to face with the little girl in the red frock. He had often seen her about the village, but she had always kept out of his way. It was a gray afternoon in the woods when they met. The dried fallen twigs crackled under his feet as he walked, and the girl's red coat made a pleasant splash of color in the somberness.

Mark knew that her name was Miriam—all the village knew it too, as well as many not very edifying facts about her mother.

She began to scowl when she saw Mark. She was a pretty child in a dark, gypsy sort of way, and gave promise of being a very handsome woman. Her black hair curled, her eyes were large and full of fire, her rather full lips were as red as the coat she wore. Mark noted these facts unconsciously.

When they got quite close together on the narrow footpath, Miriam promptly put out her tongue at him.

She reminded him of a vicious little snake he had once seen at the zoo. He grinned at her.

"What did you do that for?" he asked her.

She looked nonplused, for she had not expected him to speak to her.

"Don't know," she said sullenly.

She stood twisting her fingers and staring at him from under her dark brows.

Suddenly, without any warning, she smiled; a beautiful smile it was, that seemed to transform her whole face from mere beauty to a strange seductiveness. She came a step nearer.

"I know what your name is," she said, confidentially.

"Do you?" Mark was surprised to find himself stupidly embarrassed. He figeted first on one foot, then on the other.

"Your name's Mark Hellaby," she said again.

He stared at her.

"Who told you?" he asked.

But she would not say. She hung her head once more.

There was an awkward silence. Mark made a movement as if to pass her, but she stepped in front of him, barring his way.

"Give me a penny," she said.

He echoed her words foolishly.

"Give you a penny! I haven't got one."

Her dark eyes searched his face for an instant disbelievingly. "I tell you I haven't got one," Mark said again.

There was another little silence, then it was she who moved. She passed him slowly and went on her way down the narrow woodland path, and her red cloak brushed his arm as she went.

Mark turned about and looked after her. There was a queer impulse in his mind that urged him to follow her, but he did not.

She went on till she had almost reached a clump of trees which she know would hide her from view, then she looked back and saw Mark staring. She seemed to hesitate for a moment, then she put out her tongue again.

Mark returned the compliment vigorously.

THEY met often after that, but she never made any attempt to speak to him again, for which Mark was thankful. Her eyes somehow embarrassed him! She had an odd little trick of keeping them downcast till she was quite close to him, then she would look up with bewildering suddenness and smile.

Mark vaguely resented that smile without knowing why!—without realizing that it was because it held something wise and prophetic that roused a strange antagonism in his heart. It was almost as if she were pitying him for something which she knew and he did not.

One day he asked Bishop, with elaborate carelessness, how old she was. Bishop had really not the faintest idea, but he was a boy who would never acknowledge ignorance on any subject, so he answered promptly—

"Fifteen." As a matter of fact it was a very accurate guess, had he but known it, but Mark was amazed.

"Fifteen! Older than me! Rot! Why, she's the littlest bit of a thing——" He broke off, embarrassed, and hastily changed the subject.

But he was consumed with the desire to know how old she really was, and one day, meeting her in the village street, he stopped and asked her.

"How old are you?" There was a little pause, then—

"Mind your own business," she said in the old sullen voice that he knew so well. Then, as before, quite suddenly she smiled and told him, "Fifteen."

Mark said "Oh!" very disappointedly. He looked her up and down. "You're much too short," he said.

She frowned.

"How old are you?" she asked, suspiciously.

"Thirteen and a half," he was pleased enough to tell her. He drew his tall, thin figure up an extra half inch with pride.

She smiled at him, and involuntarily he smiled at her, and it was at that precise moment that Mrs. Jope chose to sail out of the village postoffice and catch them together.

Miriam saw her coming and ran away—she went off down the road laughing and splashing thru all the puddles she could find.

Mark stood still and waited for the avalanche. His face was very red and for the first time he knew what it was to be afraid of "Mrs. J.," as Bishop disrespectfully called her; for the first time he could not meet her eyes when she came up to him. She ordered him to walk back to the vicarage with her—she lectured him all the way. She said that if she ever caught him talking to Miriam again he would be instantly expelled. (She had made the same threat before, often, but today it sounded to Mark as if there might be some likelihood of it being carried out.)

"You must never speak to her again," she impressed upon him a third and a fourth time. "She's a bad girl—not fit for the son of a gentleman to condescend to notice. Her mother is a bad woman——"

"I know," said Mark. "She hasn't got a husband. Bishop told me——"

Mrs. Jope flushed brick-red. She opened her mouth and shut it again with a kind of snap, but she said no more till they reached the vicarage, then—

"You will go to your room and stay there for the rest of the day, Hellaby," she said. She spoke as if she were the Lord Chief Justice passing sentence of death.

Mark obeyed gladly, for he felt hot and uncomfortable, tho he did not in the least know why. He went up the stairs two at a time and slammed the door of his room so hard that the cheap water-jug on the washstand rattled.

It was late afternoon then, and the last orange rays of autumn sunset were flooding the room with gold.

Mark threw the window wide open and climbed on to the sill, sitting there with his legs dangling outside. The light of the sunset blinded him, and for a moment he stared down unseeingly into the road.

The window was on the side of the house and built almost flush with the street, only a brick wall dividing it from the path running immediately below.

Presently, when his eyes had grown more accustomed to the sunset glare, he saw Miriam in her red cloak standing in the roadway. Her hat had fallen off, her dark hair hung in picturesque untidiness about her shoulders and her eyes were raised to his face, mocking him.

"Have they locked you in?" she asked.

Mark flushed.

"No, they haven't," he said crossly.

"Oh!" She considered him for a moment. "Why don't you come down then?"

"If I were a boy I'd get out of the window."

"I could get out if I chose," he answered quickly, but he cast apprehensive eyes to the ground below as he kicked his heels against the brickwork of the house and stared at his feet.

Suddenly the girl laughed—a little elfish laugh it sounded.

"You're afraid," she taunted him.

She had come close to the wall now, sufficiently close for him to see her little pointed red tongue when she laughed, and a small brown mole on her chin.

"Afraid!" He echoed the word scornfully. "Stand out of the way, and I'll show you who's afraid."

But she did not move, and suddenly he knew that he meant to go down to her, no matter what it cost him—that he would get down somehow into the road and stand beside her there in the sunset, if he were expelled for it—if it cost him his life.

He swung his long, slim body out over the sill—he meant to hang by his hands, and then drop. The blood surged to his face, he clinched his teeth. He would

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get down to her whatever happened; he would stand beside her there in the sunset or die. Boy as he was, her taunting eyes drew him. He did not know whether he wanted to strike her across her smiling face, or whether . . . His hands slipped and he fell. . . .

The girl in the road screamed shrilly as she saw him strike his head against the wall below and drop helplessly to the path.

She waited a moment, but he did not move, and she turned and fled away into the sunset, her red cloak flying behind her.

CHAPTER IV.

FOLLOWING that escapade, Mark was in bed for quite a long time. The doctor said he was suffering from slight concussion, but that there was no cause for alarm, so Mark lay snugly between the sheets and was made much of.

Sometimes he felt quite well, but sometimes he had queer delirious dreams in which Miriam in her red cloak haunted his ceaselessly like a will-o'-the-wisp, sometimes following him, sometimes drawing him after her, but in the end always eluding him, and it worried him because he could never catch her, and because he could not understand that little prophetic smile of hers.

When he was up and about again he was filled with a dread of meeting her. When they told him he might go out for a walk, he said he would rather stay in the garden and wandered aimlessly round the paths, keeping far enough from the gate.

He seemed to have grown during those weeks in bed. He was long and lanky and rather haggard-looking.

He felt a bit shaky too, tho not for the world would he have admitted it, and he was always glad to go back to bed.

One morning the stableboy, who "did" the garden in his spare time, was carting manure in from the road, and left the gate open.

Mark had been up and about for a week then, and the color was coming back to his thin face, and he was beginning to lose his almost morbid dread of meeting Miriam.

He sauntered over to the gate to watch the proceedings, and as he reached it he saw Miriam standing close beside him in her red cloak. She appeared so suddenly, it almost seemed as if she must have sprung out of the earth, and the knife with which Mark was whittling a stick jerked violently, and cut an ugly gash on the wrist of his left hand.

For a moment he seemed hardly conscious of it, he just stood and stared at Miriam.

"Are you well again?" she asked.

Her eyes were no longer mocking—they just considered him gravely.

Mark did not answer, he felt as if he had lost his voice.

"I suppose you've been told not to speak to me?" she said scornfully. She tossed her dark head. "I don't care, anyway," she added defiantly.

There was a little silence.

"Oh, look what you've done to your wrist!" she said.

Mark took his eyes from her gipsy-like face and glanced down at his wrist. The blood was pumping out finely now, the soft cuff of his shirt was soaked, and big drops had fallen to the gravel path.

Before he realized it Miriam had bound her handkerchief about it, drawing it tightly and tying it fast. Her small brown fingers worked quickly and deftly. Mark watched them with a sort of stupid fascination. He kept thinking of his dream, thinking how untrue it had been after all, seeing that she was not eluding him at all, but standing beside him, so close to him that he could hear her breathing and see the shadow of her lark lashes against her cheek.

He was looking at those lashes, when suddenly she raised them and met his gaze.

"You ought to have it bound up properly," she said. "It's a bad cut; I shouldn't be surprised if it doesn't leave a scar."

Her voice was no longer sharp or vixenish. There was a soft, almost womanly note of concern in it.

Mark drew his hand away and put it into his trousers pocket; the blood was still pumping and the handkerchief was almost soaked thru, but he was not thinking of that. He was thinking what an extraordinary thing it was that he could not turn round and walk away from her. It seemed almost a physical impossibility. He felt as if he were making a desperate effort to move his limbs, and that they were as desperately resisting him.

Suddenly——

"We're going away from Osterway tomorrow," Miriam said.

"Going away!" Mark found his voice with a rush. He felt as if an iron band that had been binding his lungs were all at once violently released. "For—for good?" he asked breathlessly.

She was looking past him now into the garden, but there was nobody in sight, and her eyes came back to his face.

"Yes," she said.

And now her face was mocking and elfish once more; her eyes were the eyes that had haunted his dreams, drawing him, defying him, always eluding him.

There was a strange pulse throbbing in Mark's head, he felt as if fingers were pressing the nerves of his temples, and his face felt hot.

Miriam laughed. She backed away a step as if to leave him, and Mark lurched suddenly forward, catching her red cloak with his uninjured hand.

She laughed again as she had laughed in his dreams, looking up at him, and Mark suddenly bent and kissed her where the little brown mole danced on her chin.

That sobered him. At the touch of her face he came to himself as suddenly as if some one had thrown a bucket of cold water over him. He fell back from her crimson and ashamed; blunt, furious words broke from him.

"How dared you make me do that! . . . how dared you! . . ."

He was stammering and almost incoherent. Her eyes flashed.

"I didn't make you—you kissed me of your own accord."

There was a tragic little silence. It almost seemed as if the man and woman to which these two would some day grow, stood there in the silent garden casting a faint foreshadowing of what would be.

Then Miriam turned away.

"I daresay we shall meet again, some day," she said rapidly.

Mark had quite recovered now. He was only furiously angry, but with himself, not with her.

"I know we shan't!" he said forcibly.

But a moment later he wondered at his contradiction, wondered why he had troubled to make it, seeing that in his heart he knew quite well that she was right, and that they would meet again—some day!

THE stable-boy came back again to refill the empty barrow, and Mark turned towards the house. He felt surprisingly weak and shaky and when he took his hand from his pocket, he saw that Miriam's handkerchief was stained crimson and that the blood had oozed thru again on to his sleeve.

He stood staring down at it with a sort of faint wonderment. It had seemed just a little cut, he was surprised it should bleed so badly. He went to the kitchen.

The cook was making apple dumplings, but she looked up and began to order Mark off.

"I'm busy; I can't have you fidgetin' round, Master Mark." Her voice changed suddenly as she dropped the rolling-pin. "Lor', bless the boy, what's he done now?"

She came round the table to him, wiping the flour from her fat hands with her apron and gave an exclamation of horror when she saw his wrist.

Mark looked up at her, but he saw her fat face thru a sort of swimming haze, for all the room seemed to be tossing about him.

"I cut myself," he said. "It was only a little cut. . . . I don't know how I did it."

And then he fainted.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Jope wrote to Miss Midian that night.

"Mark has been getting into mischief again and cut himself rather badly with the gardener's knife, but there is no cause for alarm. The doctor put a couple of stitches in, and I sincerely hope this will be a warning to Mark for the future. He has lost a good deal of blood, but as I said before, dearest Annie, there is no cause for alarm, tho I am afraid he will carry the scar all his life. . . ."

She did not think it necessary to add that the doctor had pronounced it to be a marvel that Mark had not bled to death. Possibly she thought Miss Midian would not be interested, but she took good care to inform Mark himself of the fact when she went to his room late that night to see if he was all right.

She stood at the foot of his bed with her arms tightly folded and looked at him severely.

"Dr. Jocelyn says that it is a wonderful thing you have not bled to death, Mark," she said.

Mark muttered something that sounded suspiciously like "Shouldn't care if I had."

He felt very weak and swimmy still, and wished she would stop talking and go away. His wrist hurt, too, unbearably.

"I hope it will be a lesson to you for the future." Mrs. Jope went on. She waited, but Mark said nothing, and she turned to the door. With her fingers on the handle she looked back at him.

"Is there anything you would like?" she asked, unbending a little.

Mark raised his head from the pillow. "Where's the handkerchief that was on my wrist?" he asked.

Mrs Jope looked faintly amazed, the thought crossing her mind that he must be slightly delirious.

"I burned it; it was soaked with blood ——" She paused. "Why do you ask?" she queried sharply. "Did you want it?"

"No," said Mark. He lay back again with closed eyes.

Mrs. Jope turned the lamp lower.

"Well, I hope this will be a lesson to you," she said again. "Dr. Jocelyn says you will carry that scar with you to the grave." She waited a moment but Mark said nothing. "Good night," she added.

"Good night," said Mark.

He listened to the departing creak of her steps downstairs and to the opening and shutting of the study door below, then he raised himself on an elbow, and bending, tried to look at the ugly cut beneath the bandages on his wrist, but they were too tightly strapped.

". . . You will carry that scar with you to the grave."

The words echoed thru his mind. He was not yet 14, and he might live to be an old, old man. It seemed horrible to think he had got to carry that scar with him all those years and thru Miriam's fault.

Mark shuddered as he lay back again and closed his eyes.

CHAPTER V.

MARK stayed at Osterway for three years.

Uneventful years they were, during which he learned nothing worth mentioning—years which were ended unexpectedly by the death of the Rev. Algernon Jope.

He died quite suddenly while sitting at his desk, and it was Mark Hellaby who found him.

Mark had been in disgrace that day, and instead of being allowed out for the usual Saturday half holiday he was kept in to write a hundred lines.

It was a glorious afternoon, and the sun shone maddeningly thru the schoolroom window all the time Mark was laboring thru his task with stiff fingers and a scratchy pen.

He hated every one and everything that day. He hated Bishop, who came to the window and grimaced at him; he hated the between-maid, who brought her brooms and pail to do the weekly scouring, and who stopped short on the threshold to stare at him and say, "Lor', Master 'Ellaby!" But most of all he hated the Rev. Algernon Jope, who had brought this punishment upon him, and as he labored along the first line he was racking his brains to think of some means of getting even with him.

Inspiration came quickly. He had completed the first line. Well, he would write ditto dots for the next ninety-nine and chance to luck that he received no further punishment.

This was only the work of a few moments, and with a nervous grin on his face Mark gathered up the loose sheets and went across to the study door.

It was nearly 4 o'clock then, and the sun had wandered round from the side of the house to pour thru the study window in a golden stream when, after a

(Continued on Page 21.)

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The Riddle of the Rings

(Continued From Page 5)

chief suggest that, I told him about Kenwood's recent coup in securing tnat New York man for a partner. And I knew from what you had told me this afternoon that the Kenwood brokerage business was in good financial condition. On the contrary, there were signs of a death struggle beyond the snapped-off knife handle. The office was in more or less confusion. The desk was pulled out from its customary place. The swivel chair was overthrown. The waste basket was tipped over. According to those things a struggle of some sort must have occurred. But the blow was swift, sharp, and true. These things being so, what was the motive? Robbery? No, for over thirty dollars was found in an inside pocket of Kenwood's clothing.

"And so, Rand, the body was photographed by the department photographer—just as it lay. Thumbprints were searched for but no clearly defined ones were found. Jack Kenwood—or all that was mortal of Jack Kenwood—was then removed to the morgue, at which place the coroner's inquest will take place sometime tomorrow. Since the story told by Olson, the Swede janitor, seems to be straight and forward, he hasn't been taken into custody; I'll admit, tho, that he's under surveillance. Your position is absolutely safe on account of the fact that I myself was with you u pto 5:30 o'clock or so. And since this girl, Aline Burnett, was with you all evening, that lets her out from all questioning—altho I confess that I don't understand the peculiar connection between her, Kenwood, and the horseshoe ring which Kenwood secured—or purchased—from our friend Hess."

"But how about this Peter Hess?" I asked testily. "Hasn't he a rather strange connection with the whole affair?"

"By all means," returned O'Rourke. "His action in slugging you in your room showed that this horseshoe ring with the outlandish inscription cut in it was valuable enough to warrant his taking mighty strenuous measures to regain it. If it were as valuable as that to him, then it must have been just as valuable to the man who killed Jack Kenwood to get possession of it—granting that such was the case. But, strangely enough, Kenwood didn't seem to consider it very precious—since he entrusted it to a young and unprotected girl. Did he really intend it as a temporary engagement ring, I'm wondering, or did he want to get it out of his own hands overnight—on account of some warning or tip that he received from Peter Hess? There's a mighty big question—a vital one, I'm thinking."

"But now," he continued, "as to our man who went to the Paris tonight to interview Hess. Reilly was his name; he was one of our best plain-clothes men. He reached the Paris at 6 o'clock and immediately proceeded to quiz the manager of that joint. The latter, on learning that Reilly was from the central bureau, got very talkative and evinced a willingness to tell anything and everything about any one of his lodgers. According to his story, this Hess—whose description tallies with that of the man who sent you down for the count—is something of a wanderer and lives in a cheap room at the Paris whenever he's in Chicago. Reilly and the manager went to Hess' room and examined it. The valise was unpacked as well as a trunk which had been brought up from the storeroom in the basement, where Hess keeps it during his wanderings for the consideration of twenty-five cents a month. His combs, brushes, toilet articls, safety razor, shaving materials, and so forth, were set out on the bureau. His handkerchiefs and socks were neatly laid away in the various drawers. His bed clothing was turned back, showing that he intended to sleep there tonight; a magazine was lying open on his bureau. The raincoat was flung across the foot of the bed—but with nothing whatever in the pockets in the way of a purse, a finger, or a ring. That alone makes it appear that he turned over the whole thing to Kenwood when they met by appointment just before 5 o'clock. Only one more thing need be mentioned: Under the paper of his bureau drawer were found two ten-dollar bills that he had hidden there.

"Now Reilly hung around that room and the office of the hotel until a few minutes ago—11:30—at which time he phoned in and told me that Hess hadn't returned. So I ordered him to continue to wait; as far as I know he is still on the job. We have plain-clothes men watching every railroad station in the city for a man in a checked suit. All the freight yards, too, are being searched. We have sent orders to all officers traveling a beat to pull in any suspicious characters; everything is being done, in fact, that can be done; but, frankly, Rand, if some man in a check suit comes forward tomorrow morning and says that he spoke to Kenwood at the entrance of the National Life Building tonight, our chief clew will collapse like a bubble. And in that case it's sure to be the rotten luck of the department to learn tomorrow that the body of this Hess was found in the Chicago River with his skull smashed in—or something equally as surprising. When the clews start to melt away—believe me they do melt. Then we'll sure be up against a stone wall. We'll have no clew left; nothing but a string of cryptographic letters on the inside of the horseshoe ring."

"But what did Jack Kenwood say to you when you telephoned him?" I asked eagerly. "You'll remember that you stated to me when I left you late this afternoon that you were going to phone every fifteen minutes—both to his bachelor quarters and to his office."

Again the exasperating voice of the telephone girl broke in with her everlasting: "Your five minutes are up. If you wish more time kindly deposit another nickel." Groping frantically in my pockets, I found a third and last one which I dropped quickly into the iron coin box. After an age of clicking and rattling which showed that it was being electrically deposited in the nickel reservoir, I got into communication with O'Rourke once more.

"That was my last nickel, O'Rourke," I said. "If I'm cut off again, you'll have to call me back from your own phone."

"Won't be necessary. The chief's raising Cain on the question of that copper-gold ring and its silver horseshoe setting. Now that it's popped up again he'll want it even if it keeps you out of bed all night. In addition to that he wants a more complete description of the gentleman who floored you. For this reason you'll have to come down to the Central Bureau as soon as you hang up—and see Chief Sheehan himself. Why, Rand, when he learns from me that we've got the actual ring itself, he'll smile for a month to come. You don't know it, of course—but take it on the q. t. from me—that's' the first piece of sheer luck that the department has had in the last quarter of a year. But I was going to tell you about phoning to Kenwood, wasn't I?

"Well, I rung his apartment and office every fifteen minutes—just as I said I would. At 7 o'clock I caught his valet, who told me that Kenwood had phoned earlier in the day to say that he intended to dine downtown and go back to the office for a short while in the evening. After that I concentrated my energies on getting his office only. I continued calling every quarter of an hour all evening—at no time receiving any answer. At about 10 o'clock, just as I was trying for what seemed to be the thousandth time to get him, the report came in on Chief Sheehan's wire that he'd been found dead. Naturally that ended my efforts. I had done all that any man could do in the case of an individual whose whereabouts were so uncertain. Evidently his death occurred within ten minutes or so after he returned to his office, for he never got an opportunity to answer his desk phone. If he managed in some way to kill himself—which is all poppycock in my estimation—he certainly killed himself oblivious to what was going on about him. But that last supposition is too untenable a hypothesis for any reasoning man.

"Now, old man, clap on your hat once more and beat it down here as fast as you can. I admit that it's pretty late—something over 11:30—but the chief's going to stay on the job all night if necessary, for the papers'll roast him to death if this case joins the great batch of unsolved cases of the past three months. And of course—whatever you do—bring that ring. You'll start right away, will you, Rand?"

"Right away," I assured him. "I'll be down there in a jiffy. Good-by."

I placed my hat on my head and tiptoed out in the gloomy hall. For a moment I stood under the flickering gas light near the front door, examining the old ring that had created such a host of mysterious happenings. Once more I tilted it over and took a brief glance at the inscription scratched on the interior of the copper-gold band. Then I stared harder. The question mark had vanished. The digits had changed. The first letter was no longer the same.

Like a flash, I drew out the card which held my copy of the original inscription as I had first seen it.

The letters on the card and those in the ring did not tally!

It was plain that I had in my possession a different ring altogether!

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR RECOGNITION.

THERE was no doubt whatever about it. The inscription on the card, as I have already related, ran:

Z N Y H J C R E N D K 9 ? Z J D

But those cut on the interior of the horseshoe ring which I had received from Aline, and which she herself had received from Jack Kenwood several hours before his death, and which I had believed all along was the identical ring that had belonged to the man whose card carried the name, Peter Hess, read:

E A P E A K L A Y C 2 6 U O P

It seemed difficult to believe. The ring that was now in my hands was made from the same heavy copperish-gold material as that of which the first one had been fashioned. It bore the same small silver horseshoe, complete to the finest detail—and yet, as was definitely proved by this new inscription, just as cryptic as the first was a different ring entirely.

For fully five minutes I must have stood under the flickering gas jet and stared at the thing. Then I thrust it angrily into my coat pocket and started down the steps in order that I might reach the Central Detective Bureau without further delay, turn it over either to O'Rourke or Chief Sheehan, and see what these practical criminologists could make of it—as well as of the new and disconcerting fact that the ring was not the same one as we had supposed.

I managed fortunately to reach the corner just in time to board a North Clark street trolley car. Fifteen minutes later I walked up the stone steps of the Central Detective Bureau and immediately found myself directed by a sleepy doortender to a certain room, from the transom of which came wreaths of smoke and the sounds of excited talking.

I knocked at the door. It swung open.

"Here he is at last," said a familiar voice, and I discovered O'Rourke himself standing in the doorway.

At a desk over by the window sat a big burly man with a neck which must have required a No. 18 collar. Oddly enough, that was the first thing that popped into my head when I looked at Chief Michael J. Sheehan—for so he proved to be. Later, when I had more time to study him, I became cognizant of his boiled-beet color and his gruff, aggressive manner of talking—a manner that had come from years of association with police and crime. At the instant the door swung open he appeared to be gesticulating wildly to the other men assembled there, but, as soon as he caught sight of me and heard O'Rourke's words, he calmed down and eyed me closely.

Seated around the desk, smoking big black cigars, were two other men. As I found later, they were city detectives who had already become familiar with the Kenwood case. A younger man, standing up against the wall and nonchalantly puffing on a cigarette, proved to be a reporter on the Chicago Morning Gazette.

Chief Sheehan sprung up and placed an extra chair at the side of his desk. "Sit down, Mr Rand. As for you, Neb, you can drop in again a few minutes before press time. There are a few details of this case that aren't ready to go into the papers yet. Come back later, boy, and I'll see that you get enough to make a scoop anyway."

The young fellow reluctantly thrust his notebook into his hip pocket and left the room. As soon as the door had closed behind him Chief Sheehan turned to me.

"Now, how about this horseshoe ring?" he grunted.

"Well, chief," I replied, taking out both the card and the ring, "you've probably got all the details of what happened to me this afternoon—and Mr. O'Rourke here has no doubt repeated to you what I just told him over the telephone. Miss Aline Burnett, Mr. Kenwood's stenographer, received the horseshoe ring from Kenwood today—as a temporary engagement ring only—and she's turned it over to me. However, I'm all wrong. It's a mistake on my part, pure and simple. The ring which she loaned me to show to O'Rourke is not the one at all for which I was knocked down in my room today. In fact, here it is." I handed it over to him. "And here's the card on which I made a copy of the inscription from the first ring." I laid the card on his desk.

O'Rourke and the two detectives rose and peered over the chief's shoulder with surprise and interest depicted on their faces. The latter studied the card and ring intently. He eyed the meaningless letters on both objects. He turned the card upside down. Then he righted it once more. With his lips moving silently, he read off the characters backward. Finally he turned them over with a sigh to O'Rourke.

"By George," he explained, "I can't dope them out at all. Look 'em over, Terry." He turned to me. "Now, Mr. Rand, you say that this horseshoe ring No. 2, as we shall call it, is an absolute facsimile of horseshoe ring No. 1?"

"Absolutely," I assured him. "The reddish color of the gold—the width and thickness of the band portion—the shape, size, and material of the silver horseshoe on the top—were similar on both rings."

The chief turned to O'Rourke once more. "Terry, what do you make of 'em?"

"All I can say," returned O'Rourke,

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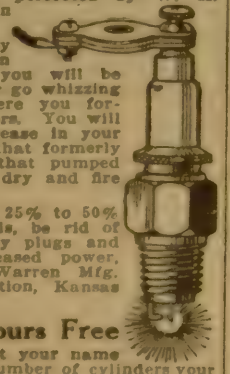

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"Is that the letters scratched inside of this ring—as well as the other one, too—are as much Greek to me as if they were original Greek characters. The two rings, Jack Kenwood, this elusive Peter Hess, the unfortunate owner of that severed finger which Rand saw, the murderer of Kenwood—whoever he may be, are all inextricably tangled up together. One thing is certain, tho. There's no need, any longer, of believing that Kenwood met Peter Hess by appointment and secured the latter's horseshoe ring, since we've discovered that Kenwood's ring and Hess' ring are different—in the inscriptions only. What those inscriptions mean, no one can say. Unless we find Peter Hess we're stumped. And he hadn't returned to the Paris up to ten minutes ago."

"Well, by heaven, Terry—and you two other men likewise," grunted Chief Sheehan irritably, "we can't be stumped. That's all there is about it. If this case goes down among the unsolved ones, that's liable to be the end of me in this chair. Neb's paper—the Gazette—is the only paper in the city that hasn't sloughed me with a handful of caustic criticism in the last three months. And Neb's the only man who's going to get the big scoop—if there is any to get. The rest of the newschasers—drat 'em—can wait for what we choose to give 'em. And don't forget, Terry, that if I ever get out of here my successor's as liable as not to take a violent dislike to you. How'd you like to travel beat again—eh, Terry—out in the woods around Kensington or Grand Crossing?"

"Nix," returned O'Rourke fervently. "We'll have to stall and stall and stall till we get somewhere. Try to get Reilly once more at the Paris, chief."

THE chief raised the telephone receiver and shortly got into communication with the number that he was calling.

"This you, Reilly? Anything doing yet?"

A squeaking noise in the receiver followed, after which Chief Sheehan hung up wearily.

"Nope. This Hess hasn't shown up since he left the Paris this evening. It seems that the idiot of a manager doesn't know when he left there nor what sort of clothing he had on when he went out—as is always the case when important descriptions are wanted." Sheehan turned to the two plain-clothes men who were passing the ring and the card back and forth. "Can you throw any light on it, either of you two?"

One of them made no answer, only wrinkling up his forehead and staring gloomily at the wall. The other shook his head and replied:

"Seems to me that our best bet is the bunch of suspects that they'll begin to drag in here the rest of the night. It's a riddle to me at present."

"Riddle to all of us," said the chief resentfully. "Now tell us, Mr. Rand, about this fellow's actions when he came up to your room today. Did he seem excited?"

"Not a bit," I replied. "He's a cool one; my experience with him has shown me that he's got a level head on his shoulders. As I look back on the affair now, I'd venture to say that his only reason for asking about the shillalah hanging on my wall was to get it into his hand. Then, if I hadn't gone over to my desk, he'd have induced me to turn around on some pretext or other. Of course, after he noticed the corner of that green raincoat sticking out from the crack between the wardrobe doors, he suspected that my story—or rather O'Rourke's, for he was the original author of it—was just a subterfuge for detaining him awhile. Hence he took alarm and made a drastic effort to get back his property."

"Now as to this card that Terry brought back with him tonight when the two of you drew up your warrant—it bore Kenwood's name and address as 'somewheres on La Salle street, Chicago.' Have you ever heard Kenwood refer to a Hess, or a Peter Hess, or even a person named Peter?"

"Never. I don't believe that either one had ever seen the other. At first, of course, just like the rest of you, I imagined that they had met somewhere before 5 o'clock and that Kenwood had received the ring from this bearded fellow, Hess, for some sort of a consideration But now that I've found that there were really two rings, that there were two cryptographic inscriptions instead of one, I'm in doubt as to whether they ever met—unless it was in a final death struggle in Kenwood's office."

"Exactly," said the chief. "Things look that way to me. However, circumstantial evidence is a mighty tricky thing. I've seen it point straight to one thing and discovered later that when I shifted my viewpoint, it pointed in an equally uncompromising manner to something else. But with the advent of this second ring into the case, Hess is the man who killed Kenwood—or who knows the individual who did do the killing. But, good God, gentlemen, the motive is what gets me.

"If Hess had intended to take Jack Kenwood's life, he could have followed him from the National Life Building and done the job on the long dark street where Kenwood lives. Instead of using that method, however, Hess—or the actual murderer—proceeded to an office which was in shouting distance of the street. Judging from the overturned chair and the pulled out desk, Kenwood defended himself from an attack. And judging from the single fatal wound, his death came instantaneously thru a quick, sharp thrust of his own pencil sharpener—in his own heart. But I look at the matter from a viewpoint which causes me to believe that Kenwood struggled fiercely to defend himself. Perhaps he strained all his energies toward getting possession of the knife. But we must not forget that the man in the checked suit spoke pleasantly to Kenwood, according to the cigar dealer who heard them walk up the stairs together. If the check-suited fellow did the job he picked his quarrel after they got back into the little private office."

"And, chief," broke in O'Rourke, "in regard to this pocket diary that we found on his body, here's the man who can tell us whether Kenwood was in the habit of tearing out leaves for scratch paper."

"Yes," said Sheehan, turning to me, "that's something I want to find out about. Have you ever seen Kenwood tear a leaf from his pocket diary when he wanted a scrap of paper?"

"Well," I replied dubiously, "from what I know of him, I'm inclined to believe that if he wanted to make a sudden notation concerning anything, he'd tear off the corner of a thousand-dollar bill or a strip from his own birth certificate in order to jot it down hurriedly. I do know, tho, that he kept a pocket diary because I've often seen him making entries in it. Was the whole page for today gone, chief?"

He nodded. "Yes. That's a strange circumstance, occurring as it did along with his death. Probably Terry told you already that the contents of the dead man's pockets were apparently intact—altho we have no exact information as to what was in them before his death. But this little red pocket diary, containing a great many miscellaneous jottings about the stock market, customers to be seen, tasks to be attended to, and so forth, has no page whatever for September third, 1921. I'd give a month's salary to have a glimpse of it. Now, Mr. Rand, regarding the human finger which you found in the purse along with ring No. 1, you informed O'Rourke that it was long and well manicured; that it seemed to be a woman's finger. Is that correct?"

"Yes, it is," was my answer. "It was too slim and too well manicured to be a man's finger, in my estimation. To be candid with you, tho, I didn't handle it or study it very long; it gave me the creeps. It seemed as tho——"

My description of that grewsome object was cut short by the entrance of a bluecoated patrolman. He saluted and stood quietly inside the door until the chief looked up and asked:

"Well?"

"Chief," he explained, "the order came from all the patrol boxes tonight to pick up every suspicious character and bring him straight to your office at the Central Bureau. The desk sergeant claimed that a feller was murdered in a downtown skyscraper tonight."

"Yes, yes. Have you got any one?"

"I got a guy, chief, but I don't believe he's anybody that you want. He was turned over to me by the night watchman at the Northwestern railroad yards where he was tryin' to make a freight out o' town. The watchman was on the lookout—same's all the rest of us."

"Is he well dressed?" growled Sheehan. "Hasn't got a checked suit on, has he? What cell is he locked up in?"

"Didn't even lock him up yet, chief. This guy is half-witted—or nutty—or something. He's a poor, sniveling idjit of a 'bo. Just a plain bug, chief. He says his name is Hoxey—and he even let slip that the other 'bos on the road call him Crazy Hoxey. He——"

"Hoxey!" I ejaculated in surprise, glancing at O'Rourke.

"Our friend back again," admitted O'Rourke. "Chief, that poor nut belongs out in the State Insane Asylum at Kankakee. He tried to bum Rand for a nickel at the depot this afternoon. Rand's ankle was out of kilter, so he offered this fellow fifty cents to overtake the man that was walking off with the wrong raincoat. He was such a dumbhead that he lost track of this Peter Hess in the downtown crowds. So Rand, being short on change, wrote out the address of his Oak street boarding-house and told this Hoxey to come to his room later on and get the half dollar. And this is the poor gink who, as I was telling you, hit the neighborhood just about the same time that Hess was making his get-away and——"

"Oho!" said Sheehan, "and that's the fellow, then, who got bumped and presented with a dollar by Hess?"

"Yes. And he's the one who picked up the card that Hess dropped—on account of which clew I sent Reilly down to the Paris Hotel."

"Bring him in," said the chief to the patrolman. "It's just such a bug as that who'd notice a scar or something in the way of a gold tooth that might have escaped Rand's notice."

The patrolman stepped out of the room and returned a second later, leading our old acquaintance, Crazy Hoxey, by the arm. The latter shuffled into the room and stood sheepishly on one foot, his face carrying a foolish grin.

"What's your name?" flashed Sheehan.

"Name's Hoxey, yer 'onner. Yer ain't goin' to gimme six months on yer rockpile, be yer?"

"Certainly not," the chief grumbled. "I'm going to send you to a place where you'll have enough to eat and be warm and comfortable for the rest of your life—providing you'll be a sensible old man and answer some of my questions. Now——"

Suddenly the tramp stiffened up. Fascinatedly, he stared across the room at the peculiar horseshoe ring which lay on the white card, close by the chief's elbow. Then, with three giant strides, he cleared the room and snatched it up. He hugged it to him and burst into wild laughter.

"Gawd 'elp me—Gawd 'elp me, gents," he blubbered. "'Ere's me own oss-shoe ring—me own, I tells yer—an' somey'eres in the world there's another un just like it!"

CHAPTER VIII.

CRAZY HOXEY—THE MAN WITHOUT A MEMORY.

ALL of us, without exception, stared at the tramp, unable to believe our ears. Had he done nothing but snatch up the horseshoe ring and claim it for his own, we might have come to the unanimous conclusion that his actions arose merely from the vagaries of a disordered mind. But his strange words: "An' somew'eres in the world there's another 'un just like it," pointed indisputably to the fact that he knew of the existence of a duplicate. But how such knowledge could have come to him was impossible to say, since not the slightest word even touching on the subject of any ring at all had been spoken either by O'Rourke or myself during the few minutes that the tramp was in my room at the Oak street boarding-house.

While Hoxey stood with great tears rolling down his unshaven cheeks, the chief looked him quickly over from head to foot. Then he snarled:

"Out with it, you ragged devil. Spit out the whole story—or we'll shoot you to the rockpile for life. Your ring, eh? And another one just like it in the world? Right you are, my man, and you'll never leave this office until you tell the whole story. Where'd you see this ring before? Who's the man that's got the other one? Who are you? Where do you hail from? Spit it out—and be quick about it."

Hoxey shifted his position slightly. A scared, yet stupid, look came on his face. It was plain that the chief's sudden tirade had frightened him into a condition of absolute speechlessness.

"Chief, let me handle this fellow," O'Rourke pleaded. "We've met once before—and he knows that I'm his friend."

"Go ahead," said Sheehan irritably. "I'm so sore at the way things have been going in the department for the last few months that I can't hold myself together any more." He glanced at Hoxey again. "But mind you," he warned, "answer every question that this man puts to you—or you'll go to the rockpile for life." He turned to the bluecoat who had brought in the tramp. "You can go now, Number 3664. Report to your sergeant."

While the officer withdrew, O'Rourke brought forth an extra chair from the wall and placed it by the side of the tramp.

"Now sit down," he ordered gently.

Hoxey did so gingerly. Whereupon O'Rourke began his cross-examination.

"What's your right name?"

"Ain't got no reg'lar name, guvnor. The boys on the road calls me Hoxey—an' some of 'em calls me Crazy Hoxey. But I ain't crazy, guvnor; it's me 'ead—up in me 'ead that——"

"Where did you come from?" interrupted O'Rourke firmly. "What town—what city?"

"Gawd only knows, guvnor. All I 'members is th' road. Mebbe I been bummin' aroun' fer a year—'r five years—'r mebbe ten years. I dunno no more.'

"But where were you before you went on the road?" persisted O'Rourke. "Where did you live before you hit the grit—the back door trail?"

The tramp commenced blubbering again. "I tells yer, guvnor, I dunno. All I 'members is th' road."

"Better let off that tack," suggested Sheehan. "He's either lying—or else there's rats in his garret. Find out about the horseshoe ring."

O'Rourke sighed at the impatience of

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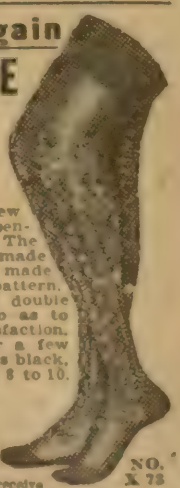

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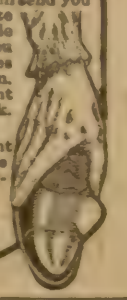

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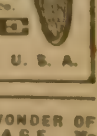

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his superior officer. Then he detached the ring from Hoxey's fingers and held it up.

"Have you ever seen this before?"

Hoxey nodded vehemently.

"Where?"

He shook his head despondently.

"Now think," demanded O'Rourke. "Think hard. Are you sure that you've seen this before—or was it one just like it?"

The tramps eyes lighted up. "Hones', guvnor, I've seen two of 'em afore, 'way back—dozens, p'r'aps hundreds o' years ago. But I dreams about that there ring—always that one an' th' other one. The two of 'em, guvnor, in th' same dream."

"So you dream about it, eh? And how does the dream run?"

"Oh, Gawd, guvnor, the dream—hits orful. An' I has it always w'en I has the 'orrible 'eadaches—'eadaches what lasts fer days—'r weeks—'r mebbe years. I loses track o' time. I jist lies in a box car, guvnor, an' I suffers. An' then I 'as th' dream—the 'orrible dream——"

"Now tell me," broke in O'Rourke, "just how this dream goes. Describe it, Hoxey, just as it starts. Don't be afraid. We're not going to harm you."

The tramp's eyes filled with great tears again. I declare that, dirty and revolting as he was, I felt a pang of misery at the thought that a human being could get into such a condition of mental and physical deterioration.

"Hit's this way, guvnor," he explained, wiping his eyes with the fringed cuff of his coat. "W'en th' dream starts, I'm out on th' water. It's wavin', ripplin', splashin', I goes up and down—jes' keepin' time with th' waves. I——"

"What sort of a boat are you on?" asked O'Rourke.

"Ain't on no boat, guvnor. I'm on th' back of a 'oss——"

"A horse?" ejaculated one of the plain-clothes men in surprise.

"Yes, a 'oss—a big, kickin, splashin' 'oss. An' I keeps a workin' on them rings."

"What do you mean," I asked, "working on the rings?"

"A workin' on 'em, guvnor. That un an' th' other un. I'm a cuttin' letters on 'em—on th' inside of 'em. Suddenly me tool gives a slip. It cuts a scratch on one ring—an' cuts me on th' 'and. Look, guvnor." He held out his hand to O'Rourke for inspection.

We all peered at it. Plainly visible thru the grime and dirt between the lower part of his thumb and his first finger was a tiny, white scar about an inch long.

"Didja dream all this," the chief exploded, "'r did it actually happen?"

"I dunno, yer 'onner. Mebbe it 'appened—mebbe I jist dreams it." He pressed his hands to his head. "I gets all mixed up w'en I tries to think about th' 'oss, th' waves, an' th' two rings."

"Well, go ahead then," advised O'Rourke. "Tell it your own way. What happened after the tool slipped from the ring and cut you on the hand?"

"Then, guvnor, th' 'oss kicks out his 'eels an' dives to th' bottom o' th'—th'—th'—sea 'r ocean, w'atever it is. An' me—poor old Hoxey—I'm left strugglin' in th' water. Suddenly th' two rings flies out o' me 'ands. One of 'em turns into a great blazin' light—an' th' other turns into a smaller, fainter light—jist like a bright star. Then they melts into one—'r else the big blazin' light swallers th' littler light. An' me? I chokes—an' I gasps—an' I drowns. Oh, Gawd, 'ow I drowns, guvnor. It's 'orrible, 'orrible. I strangles fer breath. I tries——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Chief Sheehan, leaning far out of his chair, "and what then?"

"I wakes up yer 'onner, sweatin', me 'eart beatin' like a trip 'ammer. An' sometimes I don't sleep no more fer' th' rest o' th' night—even w'en I'm in a fine warm 'ay stack."

"Most insane hodge-podge I ever listened to in my life," declared Sheehan disgustedly. He held up the card which bore the cryptographic letters that I had copied in the afternoon. "What do these letters read?" he snapped. "Don't say you don't know—for you know too much about this case already."

"'Fore Gawd, I dunno, yer 'onner," Hoxey cried, obviously frightened by the menacing attitude and stern words of the police official. I kain't read. I dunno one letter from another. I ain't never got no way o' knowin' w'at town I'm in w'en a shack ditches me from a rattler. I kain't——"

"Say, chief," began one of the plain-clothes men, apparently electrified by a sudden thought, "Doc Gillmore's down in the cellroom looking over that prisoner that tried to hang himself tonight with a piece of broom wire. Doc worked a couple of years in some Iowa bughouse a long time ago. Told me so himself. Maybe he can throw some light on this human curiosity."

"Good thing you mentioned it," responded the chief, tapping a bell at the side of his desk. "If I'd known that Gillmore was here this late tonight, I'd have had him up in the beginning. We'll let him look over this fellow."

The summons was answered by a blue-coated officer.

"Send Dr. Gillmore up here from the cellroom," ordered Sheehan. "Tell him to come immediately." The officer silently disappeared and the chief turned to the tramp again.

"Did you kill a man tonight? A man named Kenwood."

"Kenwood?" mumbled Hoxey. "Kenwood? No, yer 'onner, I ain't never killed nobody yet."

"Where did you go after you left these two gentlemen—in the house on Oak street?"

"Well, yer 'onner, I has a dollar w'at the feller tosses me on th' street w'en he bumps infer me. An' these gents gives me a half o' dollar after I lets 'em have th' w'ite card w'at th' feller drops. So I has a dollar an' a 'alf—an' I goes ter a eatin' joint on South State street w'ere I gets a swell feed fer two bits. Then I beats it fer th' railroad yards an' I hides in a empty box car on a sidin', waitin' fer th' sound of a out-goin' rattler. I falls asleep—a nice happy sleep with no 'orrible dream ner nothin'—an' I wakes up with a bull shakin' me by th' collar. I——"

THE door of the office swung open and a brisk-appearing, elderly man with a close-cropped white mustache entered the room. From his neck hung a rubber-tubed instrument with shining nickel fittings—a stethoscope, so I inferred. In his hand was a tiny black leather case. He stopped for a second, peering curiously thru his eye-glasses at the ragged vagrant seated in the center of the room.

"Dr. Gilmore," explained the chief, "let me introduce you to Mr. David Rand and tell you about his presence in the office tonight. Perhaps you've already heard that a Chicago broker, Mr. Jack Kenwood, was found murdered in his office in the National Li——"

"Yes. Heard all about it downstairs," broke in Gillmore. "The boys were discussing it. Pretty brutal. Apparently no motive whatever, chief, unless revenge. Is this —er-ah—person a suspect?" He flicked his thumb toward Hoxey, who so far had remained mute.

"No, not exactly a suspect, doctor. However, he's tangled up with the case in some way. But let me first explain Mr. Rand's connection with the case. Now listen carefully, doctor, for it's getting rather involved.

"David Rand here was Jack Kenwood's assistant and just returned from New York this afternoon on a business mission—a mission, by the way, which showed that Kenwood's brokerage office was doing fine and was not in deep water by any means." I nodded assent.

"At any rate," he continued, "Mr. Rand in leaving the train at Chicago got hold of another man's raincoat, or, which amounted to the same thing, the other man got hold of Rand's waterproof. This occurred thru a mistake of the Pullman porter. But Rand, here, had a slightly sprained ankle and when he hobbled out to the front of the Twelfth street depot and caught sight of this fellow far down the street, he was up against it for some method for overtaking him. The gentleman whom you just asked about—this self-styled hobo who calls himself Hoxey—panhandled him for a nickel just at the same instant, and Rand, taking opportunity by the neck, sent Hoxey after the man with the raincoat. But Hoxey lost him, so Rand, being short on change and unable to contribute the half dollar he had offered, gave him a card bearing his address, together with carfare, and told him to call within a few hours and get the fifty cents.

"Well, after this little happening, Rand proceeds to Jack Kenwood's office and from there he goes to his boarding-house on West Oak street. He searches thru the raincoat once more and finds a brown leather purse. In the purse, doctor, is a ring just exactly like the one on my desk here—except that the inside of it has a string of senseless letters and characters cut into it which is different from the one which I just mentioned. And this card—which you may examine—is a copy of the letters made by Rand in his room. But with the first ring, doctor, is a human finger!"

"Great mackerel!" exclaimed the physician. "That certainly sounds interesting."

"And so," continued the chief, "Rand calls up Terry here, since they had met in a former case which was connected with the Kenwood brokerage business. Terry decides to go over to Oak street and look this fellow over. Therefore he describes a special stall for Rand to spring—in order that the fellow can be detained there until Terry's arrival."

"I see," commented Gillmore. "There was some article of identification, then, in Mr. Rand's raincoat?"

"Yes," responded O'Rourke, "the lower half of an envelope, carrying the address: 72 West Oak street."

"And so," Sheehan went on, "the stranger arrives within a few minutes and apparently believes the story that Rand recites about having left the coat at a nearby tailoring shop. But the moment that Rand turns his back he gets clapped over the head with one of his own curios—a shillalah—which I'll warrant will be still more of a curio to him from now on. His visitor skips, taking with him his own raincoat which Rand had hidden in the wardrobe—hidden, that is, all but one corner."

"And where was the purse containing the ring and the human finger?" queried Gillmore.

"Rand had replaced them in the pocket of the coat," returned the chief. "Well, Terry arrives shortly after, and, as soon as he summons the landlady, has to fall to with ice water and towels to bring Rand around. Under this sort of treatment, he quickly sits up and is soon telling Terry the whole tale. About five minutes later this Hoxey fellow is ushered up to Rand's room, looking for his fifty cents. But it seems that Rand's assailant, in walking rapidly away from the Oak street boarding-house, had bumped into Hoxey coming for his half dollar. But Hoxey sets up a howl about his arm being broken—so the fellow angrily tosses him a dollar bill. In all likelihood he was afraid that a crowd might gather and hinder his escape. But in jerking out the bill, doctor, he had dropped one of his cards. Hoxey pockets both of these articles and later, after telling his experience in Rand's room, produces the card on Terry's demand. The face of that slip of pasteboard is printed: 'Peter Hess, the Paris, Chicago.' And the back of it, strange to relate, carries a notation in pencil about Rand's employer. Its exact wording is: 'Jack Kenwood; a broker; offices somewhere on La Salle street, Chicago.'

"Well, continuing, Rand asks a Miss Aline Burnett, Kenwood's stenographer, to be his wife tonight, and she, so it seems, had already received a ring from Kenwood who had proposed three hours before. Strangely enough, that ring appeared to be the identical one for which Rand was knocked unconscious in his room. By telling her of his strange experience he persuades her to let him take the ring so that he can show it to us here at the central bureau. He brings both the copy of the inscription and the ring to this office. And, doctor, the inscriptions prove to be entirely different, showing that the two rings were identical in appearance only.

"You stated that you knew about Kenwood's mysterious murder; so I'll pass quickly over that. Twenty minutes ago this tramp, Hoxey, was nabbed in the Northwestern Railroad yards—trying to make a night freight out. The minute he was brought in here he pounced on the ring and emphatically claimed that it was his own—and that there was another one just like it somewhere in the world. And that, mind you, without his ever having heard either ring mentioned in his presence.

"Now, doctor, I've called you up here to look him over. He claims that he has trouble with his head—occasional headaches; that he has a terrifying dream every now and then. He asserts, too, that he's forgotten who he is, where he came from, and everything about himself. He doesn't talk rationally at all. He seems to ramble in his speech. Is it possible for a man to lose his memory, doctor?"

The physician stooped over and snapped open his black medical case. From it he took a small steel hammer with a rubber head.

"Quite possible, chief. A loss of memory can occur from purely psychological causes. It can result from organic brain disease such as paralytic dementia progressiva—more commonly known as paresis. It can come from an injury to the skull. As for that dream, I want to hear all about it presently. I'm inclined to think that it will be the most tangible thing that we can work upon. Perhaps this fellow has a piece of bone pressing on his brain."

THE doctor stepped over and scrutinized Hoxey from head to foot.

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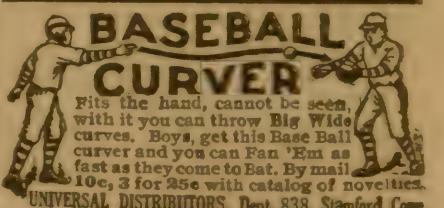

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want to help you—so don't get alarmed at anything I do."

A grateful look flashed into the tramp's eyes. Then Dr. Gillmore stooped down and placed his hand under each of Hoxey's knees in turn. At the same instant he gave a quick tap below the kneepan with the rubber hammer. From where I sat I was able to notice that one of Hoxey's legs gave a perceptible jerk—but that the other responded very sluggishly to the tap.

"Not very satisfactory," muttered the doctor. "Abnormal reflex; knee jerk almost absent on one side. Looks like a case of slight intracranial pressure."

He stood erect once more and placed the palm of his hand over the tramp's eyes. After letting it remain in that position for about a quarter of a minute, he suddenly removed it. Again I became aware of an old fact: The pupil of one of Hoxey's eyes contracted quickly, in response to the glare from the electric lights. The other, however, remained dilated for the space of ten or fifteen seconds.

"Bears out my theory," declared Gillmore. "Pupil reflex abnormal, same as his knee reflex. Now I'll have a look at the skull."

He ran his fingers under the fringe of soiled gravish hair at the base of the tramp's cranium. Suddenly his hand stopped at one spot. He stooped over. Then he deftly parted the hair with his two hands.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "Here's a fearful scar. It's the seat of the whole injury. He's received a blow here that migh have killed him."

Every one of us stood up and peered at the spot which the doctor indicated. Just as he had stated, the flesh or scalp was bunched up into a hard lump—a lump that felt to the touch as unyielding as bone.

"Perhaps trephining would restore his memory," he suggested, dropping his rubber-headed hammer into his pocket. "It's not a certainty, tho. He'd have to be put first thru a rigorous examination in which the course of every nerve was traced out by pin pricks and other standard tests. Have to be done in a hospital or neurological laboratory. So much for that. And now, chief, tell me what sort of a dream he has."

Chief Sheehan turned toward O'Rourke. "Terry, you've got a more faithful memory for outlandish details than I have. Repeat that mass of gibberish to the doctor."

"Not gibberish, chief," corrected Gillmore. "If he has this same dream over and over, it's composed of events that have loomed large in his former life. Those events, of course, may be hopelessly entangled with each other, but nevertheless they constitute the only peep we can get into his sub-conscious mind—the mental side of him that isn't affected, the mind that always shows itself in our dreams."

The chief appeared to be duly cowed by this mass of scientific testimony. O'Rourke, seeing that the doctor had finished, began:

"Well, doc, when this dream starts, he finds himself out on the water on a horse's back—with the waves bouncing him up and down. It seems that he's working on two rings exactly like the one that lies over there on the chief's desk. Suddenly the tool slips and cuts his hand, and the horse gives a vicious kick and disappears under the surface of the water. The rings fly out of his hands and turn into two lights—one a big blazing light and the other a smaller, fainter one. The two lights quickly blend into one—or else the larger absorbs the smaller. All this time he's drowning. And then—he wakes up!"

"An' almost undecipherable dream," commented the physician. "One thing is plain: he's been mixed up in some sort of a sea or ocean adventure—possibly a wreck. It's certain, too, that he's had something to do with making the rings; perhaps he merely cut the inscription in them. Does he recognize the cipher? Can he explain its significance? Hand me over that copy, chief."

Sheehan did so, while O'Rourke answered the questions.

"No. It's certainly some sort of a cipher—but none of us have been able to make it out. Hoxey claims that he can't even read."

"Of course," replied Gillmore, looking up from the card, "if his memory's gone, his power of reading and writing are likely to be gone, too. But now as to this cipher. Have you ever heard of Professor Lestier?"

"No," returned the chief. "Who is he?"

"He's a professor at the University of Chicago who claims to be able to solve any cipher ever constructed, providing that there's a system behind it."

"Where is this Lestier to be found?" asked the chief.

"You'll have to inquire around the university campus for his quarters," replied Dr. Gillmore. "He surely can be located, since I know for a fact that he's been in the mathematical department of Chicago-U for seven or eight years. But now to get back to Hoxey and his dream." He turned to the tramp, who, during this long colloquy, had not uttered a word. "Friend, do you claim that in your dream you're on a horse?"

"Yes, guvnor, a 'oss—a big black 'oss."

"And when the horse disappears under the waves, the rings fly out of your hands and become two lights—one very bright and one very faint?"

"Yes, guvnor, they turns inter two lights—one a dazzlin', shinin' light an' the other jist a twinklin' light. They is real clos't together—so clos't that all of a suddint they is jist one light—'r they looks one light."

"Strange," mused Gillmore. "I don't get the idea of the black horse—or the two rings becoming two lights. It's all hopelessly muddled in his brain." He glanced toward Sheehan. "Chief, have you examined him for tattoo marks yet?"

"No, not yet. Things have been coming so swiftly for us that we haven't followed our ordinary routine procedure. Got any tattoo marks?" he asked of Hoxey.

"I got a colored picthure on me arm," returned the tramp.

"Roll up your sleeve," commanded O'Rourke, "and let's have a look at it."

Hoxey tugged at one of his ragged sleeves and finally drew it up. Visible on his forearm was a faded mark of red, blue and green, which read:

J. G. Durant, Ya'e '93.

"Merciful Heaven!" gasped Dr. Gillmore, staring first at the tattoo mark and then at the tramp. "This man is Jack Grenville Durant, a classmate and fraternity brother of mine at Yale!"

Here was a startling discovery, indeed. What had happened to this poor fellow with a shattered memory—this former friend and classmate of the detective bureau's eminent physician and expert alienist? What will be the solution—if any—of the poor fellow's strange dream, in which black waters of the darkened lake, a floundering horse, curious rings and two flickering lights played such weird parts? Another installment of the story, in next week's Ledger, may tell us. It will be a big one, with many climaxes and surprises.

* * *

The Scar

(Continued From Page 17.)

tentative knock, Mark pushed the door open and entered.

The Rev. Jope sat at his desk with the sunshine all about him, but he did not turn when Mark crossed the room. He did not move when Mark thrust the sheets of paper towards him and said in a surly voice:

"I've done them, sir."

Mark waited a moment, his eyes wandering to the papers spread out on the desk—sheets of tomorrow's sermon, he knew, covered with the neat, copperplate writing which was so familiar to him, and unconsciously he found himself reading the last few words—

"The scar which is left by sin, or a moment of unbridled passion . . ."

He read the words without realizing that he had done so, then he raised his eyes to the face of the man who had written them.

Mark had never seen Death, but he knew that he was looking upon it now, and for a moment his heart seemed to stop beating.

He was not in the least afraid—he was only conscious of a sort of bewilderment. He looked from the old man's marble face to the papers in his own hand, and a wave of intolerable shame engulfed him.

They had been a planned insult, those papers—there no longer seemed anything funny in the ninety-nine lines of ditto marks, and late that night when cook, weeping and sobbing, packed the boys' boxes to be ready when they went home the following morning, Bishop, wandering round the house, a little sobered and nervous, came across Mark in the silent schoolroom with elbows squared, bending over his desk.

He lounged across the room and stood beside him.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

Mark glanced up.

"I'm finishing my lines," he said defiantly.

Bishop stared

"But——" he began, then stopped. He looked at Mark and shrugged his shoulders.

He made no further comment, but sat on the other end of the form in silence till Mark had finished, then he followed him from the room.

There was a strange silence over the house, the silence which is always felt when Death has but recently crossed the threshold.

Mark went over to the study. The door was open now, and the papers lay on the desk just as they had done when Death struck the pen from the fingers of the Rev. Algernon Jope

Mark laid his own hundred lines beside them, and as he did so his eyes fell once more on the lines which had previously caught his attention.

"The scar which is left by sin, or a moment of unbridled passion. . . ."

Years afterward those words, in the dead man's neat writing, seemed to Mark to be his most vivid memory of his life at Osterway.

IN THE morning Mark and Bishop drove soberly away from the vicarage. It was a dull, hot day, and as the fat gray pony jogged along the road, faint rumbles of thunder broke the oppressive silence.

Both boys were rather grave, and both looked back many times at the face of the vicarage, with its drawn blinds and air of desolation, before a bend in the road finally hid it from view.

Life had not been so bad there after all, was the thought in Mark's mind, as he thought with apprehension of the meeting with his father and Miss Midian. If he had been asked, he would have said quite truthfully that he had no affection for either of them.

He glanced at Bishop once—Bishop, sitting with chin slightly sunk on his best waistcoat, staring before him with frowning brows. Mark wondered what Bishop was thinking about; wondered, too, for the first time, what sort of a home it was to which his friend was returning.

Bishop had several times spent part of the holidays with Mark, but Mark had

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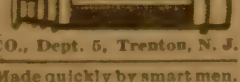

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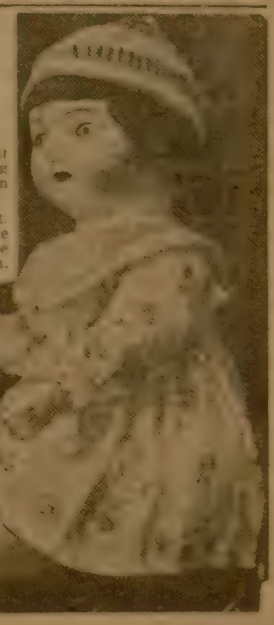

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never once been invited to Bishop's home, and for the first time now he wondered why.

Bishop seemed to feel his scrutiny, for he looked up.

They were half-way thru the village, and the gray pony had dropped into a lazy walk as the street rose on a slight incline.

"What'll your people do with you now?" Bishop asked abruptly.

Mark hadn't the slightest idea, and said so with a vague sense of discomfort.

"What'll yours do with you?" he asked.

Bishop hunched his shoulders.

"The Lord only knows," he said lugubriously.

The stable-boy in shabby livery was tickling the fat sides of the gray pony with a broken whip.

"Get up, there!" he commanded. "Get up, there!"

Mark thought of the day he first arrived at Osterway, how he had made the pony gallop home, to the terror and consternation of the stable-boy. He grinned at the memory, and wondered if he might repeat the experiment, but somehow he was not enthusiastic, and in some subtle way felt that he had changed since that moment when he stood beside the Rev. Algernon Jope in the sunlit study and realized that he was in the presence of Death.

He yawned elaborately, perhaps to stifle a sigh of which he was half ashamed, and tilted his hat further over his eyes.

Bishop nudged him, and he sat up again.

They were jogging past the broken-down cottage where Miriam and her mother had once lived, and the eyes of both boys instinctively turned to it.

"Wonder where they've gone?" Bishop said.

Mark did not answer, but he felt himself turning red.

Bishop looked at him and grinned.

"She liked you," he said.

Mark said "Rot!" with angry violence.

Bishop laughed.

"She knew all about you, too," he said. "And about your guv'nor—she knew he'd got pots of money."

Mark made no comment, but he was turning this remark over in his mind. Now he came to think of it, he supposed that his guv'nor must have pots of money to keep up the establishment he did.

He thought of the big house—the acres of garden and park, the many servants and gardeners, and a little thrill of pride went thru him.

Bishop was once more staring moodily before him. He was a handsome boy, but in repose his face wore a rather brutal and discontented expression.

"I wish my guv'nor had pots of money," he said suddenly. "It must be fine to know you've got all that to come into."

Mark felt slightly uncomfortable without knowing why.

"I suppose you'll go to Oxford or Cambridge," Bishop said again.

Mark devoutly hoped not, for he hated books and learning and far away at the back of his mind he had a hazy idea of some day settling down in the country as a sort of squire, and of keeping lots of dogs and horses.

They reached the station, and the stable-boy hauled their luggage down from the back of the trap.

Mark stood and watched him with an odd feeling of depression. The station was on a hill, and overlooked the village of Osterway, and the distant line of trees which he knew hid the vicarage from view.

"I may never come here again," was the thought that crept into his mind, and against his will he began to remember the good times he had had there in spite of his hatred of Mrs. Jope. It seemed impossible that he would never see the Rev. Algernon again—never sleep any more in the room he had so cordially loathed until today, when he had said good-by to it forever.

An undignified lump rose in his throat and he winked his eyes fiercely.

Bishop nudged him.

"Come on—here's the train."

Their luggage was bundled in. The stable-boy came to the door of their compartment, sweating and grinning.

"Good-by, Master 'Ellaby."

There was something pathetic in his eyes as he looked at Mark.

"Good-by," said Mark, as he leaned thru the window and held out his hand. This uncouth boy with his shabby, ill-fitting livery was the last link between him and the old life, so he gripped his rough hard hand.

"Good-by Timmins; don't forget to feed my white mice, and the rabbit——"

"No, sir—no, Master 'Ellaby."

Timmins ignored Bishop.

Then the train started away, but Mark kept his head out of the window for a long time, perhaps because he was ashamed for Bishop to see the emotion in his face.

"Thought you didn't like Timmins," Bishop said grumpily, when at last Mark came back to his seat.

Mark looked faintly amazed. He had once thought so himself.

"Oh, he's not so bad," he said airily.

"I suppose I shan't see much more of you," Bishop said again presently.

"Why not?"

The elder boy shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, you'll go to Cambridge or somewhere, and I shall go into some infernal city office, and you'll be too proud to know me then."

Mark laughed, for this struck him as really funny. . . .

"Silly boy!" he said, with rough affection. "Of course you'll always come along and stay at our place."

Bishop's face brightened.

"You'll forget to ask me," he said doubtfully.

"Ask yourself if I do," said Mark.

* * * * * * * *

The two boys parted in London.

"If Aunt Midian turns up to meet me," thought Mark savagely, "I'll kill her."

But to his amazement it was his father who came towards him thru the crowd. Mark stared at him and got red, but after a moment he shook hands awkwardly.

Bishop was standing by and Mark pushed him forward.

"Here's Bishop," he said.

Mr. Hellaby shook hands with the elder boy and turned away to see to the luggage.

"I wish I was going home with you," Bishop said.

Mark fidgeted first on one foot, then on the other, and wondered why he could not truthfully answer, "So do I."

He was relieved when his father returned and he bade Bishop good-by hurriedly.

"So Mr. Jope is dead, Mark," said Mr. Hellaby, as they were driving away from the station.

Mark nodded. Somehow it was a subject on which he did not wish to touch, tho there was a more kindly and friendlier note in his father's voice than he had ever heard before. After a moment he asked him an agitated question:

"Have I got to go to Oxford or Cambridge?"

A faint smile crossed his father's face as he answered:

"Neither, at present."

"Oh." Mark fidgeted with his gloves. He dropped them and picked them up again.

His father leaned across to him suddenly——

"What's that on your arm?"

"That—oh, only a scar."

Mark dragged down the cuff of his shirt, his face fiery red.

Mr. Hellaby took his son's wrist between a thumb and finger, pushed the sleeve back and exposed the long, ugly scar.

"How did you do it?" he asked, amazed.

"I cut myself—the knife slipped—I cut myself."

Mark's wrist quivered beneath his father's touch and he drew a long breath of relief when at last he was released.

Mr. Hellaby was frowning.

"You'll carry that scar with you to your grave," he said.

Mark shivered.

CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE Mark had been at home forty-eight hours he had begun to hate it.

A queer restlessness possessed him—he could not settle to anything. In a vague way he wondered if it could be that he was homesick for Osterway and his life there. If any one had told him a week ago that such a thing was possible, he would have scorned the idea. He would have protested that any spot in the whole world must be preferable to Mrs. Jope and the vicarage. Now he was less sure; distance, and the knowledge that he was never to return to it, lent the quiet little village a dignity and desirability all its own.

Now and again he thought of the woods and trees and the green meadows with a sort of angry pain. Tho his own home was in the country, it was in a more prim and populated district, and as Mark was known to every one for miles round as his father's son, it seemed almost impossible to escape for a moment

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from observant eyes. Miss Midian had taken care that most people round about should share her opinion of Mark, and to Mark's astonishment he realized that he was supposed to be a sort of prodigal son who for his sins had been banished into a far country. This he did not particularly mind—it seemed rather a good joke, but after a day or two its novelty palled, and he grew depressed and irritable.

"When am I going to school again?" he asked his aunt one morning, encountering her in the grapehouse, where she was carefully counting the bunches of ripening fruit to make sure that neither Mark nor either of the gardeners could cut any without her knowledge.

Miss Midian frowned. The question had upset her calculations, and it meant commencing her task all over again.

"Little boys should be seen, and not heard," was her icy response.

"I'm not a little boy," said Mark sulkily.

He lounged away, hands in pockets, and went in search of the head gardener.

Jeffries was carefully watering his carnations, of which he was inordinately proud.

"They was your mother's favorite flowers, Master Mark," he told Mark, when after a moment the boy asked disparagingly why they were treated with such exaggerated care.

"Get away!" he said; then, with supreme disgust, "You don't remember my mother."

Jeffries smiled, his brown, weather-beaten face wrinkled up like an apple that has been stored in straw all the winter.

"Don't I?" he said indulgently. "Not when I cut all the white flowers for her wedding bouquet—cut 'em all with my own hands, I did, from these very houses!"

Mark sat down on the edge of the rain-water tank and stared at his feet.

"What was she like?" he asked interestedly.

"Very like you, Master Mark," he said at last; "only more so, in a manner of speaking." There was a little silence.

"She died when I was born, didn't she?" said Mark awkwardly.

"She did," said Jeffries. "And then I cut all the white carnations we'd got in the houses to put in her coffin, poor lady."

Mark put the toe of his boot into the water thoughtfully.

"Was Aunt Midian here then?" he asked.

Jeffries nodded.

Another silence.

"I'll bet she hated my mother," Mark said energetically, with sudden illumination.

Jeffries looked mildly surprised.

"Now why should you think that, Master Mark?"

Mark laughed.

"Because she hates me," he said lugubriously. "Not that I care if she does hate me, the old thing!"

Jeffries chuckled.

"Well, people can't live forever, Master Mark," he said by way of consolation.

"Aunt Midian will, tho," Mark declared.

He followed Jeffries from the carnation house. "I shan't live here when I grow up," he said presently in lordly fashion. "I shall live in London—I shall have a flat in the noisiest street I can find, and have dinner parties every night."

"You'll soon get tired of that," said Jeffries emphatically. "You'll soon want your own home to settle down in, and a wife to settle you down, Master Mark."

Mark said, "Rot! I hate women!"

Jeffries looked at him tolerantly.

"And how many might you have known, now?" he asked, with mild sarcasm.

Mark began to enumerate.

"There's Aunt Midian for one, and Mrs. Jope—and ——" He paused. "Oh, lots of others," he added airily. "And they're all the same! I hate 'em!"

Jeffries was carefully stoking the greenhouse stove.

"Well, I've known two good 'uns," he said; "and one of 'em I married when I was 21, and the other one married me when I was fifty."

Mark looked duly impressed.

"Have you had two wives?" he asked.

"I have, Master Mark—two good 'uns!"

"And which one did you like best?" Mark inquired.

Jeffries straightened his back and scratched his chin with a horny finger.

"It's hard to say, Master Mark," he said, after due consideration. "When I was 21 I thought there was no one like Annie Elizabeth—pretty as a picture she was, with curly hair, and a way of asking to be kissed that would have melted the heart of a turnip." He paused reminiscently and shook his head. "But now I'm 55—and—well, I always had a weakness for steak and kidney pudding and the second Mrs. Jeffries, she's a rare hand at suet crust!"

"She makes wonderful cakes," Mark agreed.

He picked up a pebble, aimed it at a sparrow and missed.

"What did Annie Elizabeth die of?" he asked interestedly.

Jeffries considered again. It seemed that the memory of Annie Elizabeth had got pushed so far back in his mind that he found it difficult to drag it again into the light of day.

"She caught a chill," he said at last. "She got her feet wet, coming over the fields one November night to meet me from work, and they settled on her lungs."

"Her feet did?" Mark asked, with a grin.

Jeffries looked reproachful.

"I was talking of the chill, Master Mark!" he said, with dignity.

He shut the door of the stove with a snap and moved on, Mark close at his heels.

"I'll bet," Mark said presently—"I'll bet the present Mrs. J. wouldn't risk getting her feet wet, walking over the fields to meet you, would she?"

"No," said Jeffries, with a sort of pride. "She 'ave too much sense, Master Mark. . . . A very sensible woman she is, in all ways, and I hope when your time comes, that you'll choose one as sensible, I'm sure."

Mark thought of Mrs. Jeffries. She could certainly make wonderful cakes, but she was fat, and she had what Mark called "raked" hair, strained back from a bony forehead and tortured into a tiny, tiny knot on top of her head.

Somehow the description of Annie Elizabeth, with her curly hair, and her "way of asking to be kissed," appealed to him much more strongly.

"Bishop says," he remarked presently, with apparent irrelevance, "that a man can have any woman he likes."

"Master Bishop talks without his book," said Jeffries severely. "Let's hope he'll learn sense afore he's much older."

"He knows you don't like him," said Mark.

"Being not the only one, neither," Jeffries answered bluntly. "A selfish—greedy——" He broke off, with a sort of intolerant growl.

"Women always like him, anyway," said Mark, with a sort of pride in being able to admit this fact of his friend. "Mrs. J. liked him better than me at Osterway, and even Aunt Midian was decent to him when he came here last holidays. He told me she gave him a gold piece—a quid—when he went away; she's never given me one."

"Which is neither here nor there," Jeffries maintained firmly. "And from what I know of Master Bishop, I should say it's quite likely as he asked her for it!"

Mark chuckled.

"I might ask till I was black in the face and I'd never get it," he said. "Jeffries, what would you do if you were married to a woman like Aunt Midian?"

Jeffries shook his head.

"It's hard to say, Master Mark," he answered diplomatically.

"Is it?" said Mark with scorn. "I know what I'd jolly well do—I'd throw her to the dogs like they did with that what's-her-name, in the Bible."

"Good God, Master Mark!" said Jeffries in horror.

Mark grinned. "I knew you'd say that if I waited long enough," he said complacently.

MARK stayed at home all the autumn, chiefly because nobody was sufficiently interested in his welfare to trouble further about schools.

His father, seeing him occasionally about the house and grounds, supposed in his usual vague, disinterested way that the boy was all right.

Not that he would have been particularly distressed if he had had reason to suppose otherwise—he had no scrap of affection for Mark, and the fact that Mark was so like his mother seemed only to add to John Hellaby's dislike of him. He was a curiously one-idead man—he had given all his love to his wife, not leaving a crumb for any one else—had centered all his hopes and ambitions in her frail life, with the result that when she was taken, the mainspring of his existence snapped.

Mark did not care—he was used to being looked upon as a nuisance, and since his return from Osterway he had learned the wisdom of keeping out of sight of both of his relatives as much as possible.

His greatest friend in those days was the gardener Jeffries, and he might easily have come under a worse influence. Jeffries was a kind-hearted, honest man, with a firm belief in his own carnations and the goodness of the world. He was fond of Mark, and tried in his simple sort of way to make up to him for all that he knew the boy was losing.

Sometimes Mark had tea with him and his wife in the cottage at the gates where Jeffries lived. Mark enjoyed these teas more than any meal under his father's roof; he loved the cakes with which Mrs. Jeffries stuffed him, and he liked listening to the reminiscences of her "younger days."

At first Mark found it hard to believe that she ever had been young; and then, when at last he realized its probability, he found himself wondering if she had always had a bony forehead, and if it looked any less bony when she unpinned that tortuous knob of hair. Once he asked her why she had married Jeffries. Jeffries was not present then—it was a December evening, and he had gone to stoke his beloved houses, leaving his wife and Mark in the kitchen.

There was a very red fire, and the kettle was singing on the hob, and the oven was full of new cakes, and Mark was feeling very happy in anticipation of a good tea, as he sat on the rug as close to the oven door as he could get, and watched Mrs. Jeffries laying the table.

"What made you marry Jeffries?" he asked her abruptly.

Mrs. Jeffries stood still, a teacup in one hand and a spoon in the other. She looked down at Mark with a good-natured smile.

"Well, now, I don't rightly know," she said in real perplexity. "And, bless my soul, Master Mark, what queer questions you do ask! Now why did you think I married him?"

Mark leaned forward and took a long sniff at the half-open oven door before he answered.

"Because he asked you, I suppose. That's why most women marry, isn't it, because men ask them?"

Mrs. Jeffries laughed—a fat, contented sort of laugh.

"Lor', bless you, no!" she said heartily. "If you was to ask me, I should say that was about the last reason for most of 'em getting married. There's lots of things more important than the man to think about—money, or a house, or perhaps children."

"Children!" said Mark skeptically.

"Yes, children," Mrs. Jeffries reiterated, with emphasis. "Don't you believe that all fathers are like yours, my dear, taking no more notice of their children than if they was a piece of furniture, and not so much as some! Why, I've seen homes where father and son is everything together—think the world of each other, that I have."

"Have you?" said Mark doubtfully. "I never have. Bishop hates his father, and I——"

"That Master Bishop isn't a fit companion for you, and that's a fact," Mrs. Jeffries interrupted. "Many's the time when he's been here that I've been on the verge, as you might say, of speaking to Miss Midian and saying so."

Mark scrambled to his feet, his eyes furious. "You do," he said thickly, "and I'll—I'll—I'll never come here again. Bishop's the only friend I've got; he's coming here for Christmas, and if you stop him coming——"

"Bless your heart, I'm only joking," said Mrs. Jeffries hurriedly. "Come along and have your tea."

Mark obeyed rather sullenly. All thru tea-time he kept looking at Mrs. Jeffries with suspicion.

Had she meant what she said? he wondered in dismay. Why did every one try to make his life unbearable?

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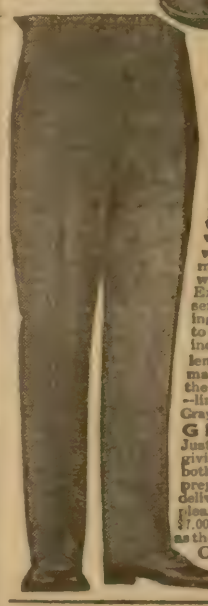

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Perhaps already there was a plot on foot to debar Bishop from the house. But he was too proud to broach the subject to Mrs. Jeffries again.

"All the same," he told himself fiercely, as he lay awake that night, "if she does say anything to Aunt Midian I'll throw her to the dogs," which at that time was Marks idea of an efficient punishment.

CHAPTER VII.

TWO things of importance happened to Mark that Christmas—Bishop's visit, and the advent of Sinner. Sinner was a Bedlington terrier, a gray, frolicsome creature with the softest brown eyes in the world. The local veterinary surgeon was responsible for his passing into Mark's possession.

One of the horses was sick, and Mark was down in the stables watching the administering of a pill, when Mr. Caffall casually inquired during the operation if Mark would like a dog.

Mark's eyes brightened; he had always wanted a dog, but at Osterway it had been out of the question, and since his return it had not occurred to him.

Mr. Caffall, a bucolic gentleman who was rather too fond of the bottle, proceeded to explain. A client of his wanted to find a home for the dog, quite a young dog it was, and very affectionate.

Mark interrupted.

"What's its name?"

Mr. Caffall had to reluctantly admit that hitherto the dog had been called "Sinner," on account of its playful ways.

"But the name could be changed," he hastened to add, not thinking it necessary to mention the well-known fact that the Ethiopian cannot change his skin.

Mark liked the name, and he decided then and there to have the dog.

Jeffries, consulted as to accommodations, looked very skeptical.

"Miss Hellaby will never allow you to have a dog, Master Mark," he urged in distress. "If you was to think for a minute——"

Mark flushed up to his eyes.

"I'm going to have the dog," he said, "so you can shut up, and I hope it jolly well bites her."

Possibly Jeffries privately indorsed that hope, for anyway he relented sufficiently to turn out an old potting-shed, and to prepare for the newcomer.

"Tho I don't know what Miss Hellaby will say," he muttered, as he looked at the pile of clean straw brought from the stable, whereon Sinner was to repose.

Mark snorted.

"I don't care what the old devil says," he answered, and, mounting the dogcart beside Mr. Caffall, drove off to fetch his new possession.

Perhaps Sinner had hitherto found himself peculiarly unwanted in the world, and perhaps in Mark he recognized a kindred spirit, for from the moment when the dog's brown eyes first looked into Mark's gray ones, the two lonely creatures loved one another, without reason or verbal agreement, save that when Mark snapped the chain on the dog's collar and said gruffly, "Come on, then," Sinner wagged his tail joyously. He understood the underlying sympathy in that gruff voice, and followed gladly at the heels of his new master.

It was evening when they got back home and dark, and Mark sat down on the bed of straw beside his new friend and fed him with biscuits and bones (the latter contributed by Mrs. Jeffries), and was happier than he had been since he left Osterway. Jeffries stood in the doorway, hands thrust into his trousers pockets, and watched the pair grimly.

"The Lord only knows what Miss Hellaby will say," he said dolefully.

"Nobody cares!" Mark answered, with an indifference which he was far from feeling. "And, anyway, I don't see that she need know, yet awhile."

But there were few things which could remain hidden from Miss Midian, and at breakfast-time the following morning she said to Mark:

"I heard a strange dog barking somewhere in the yard last night." She fixed her nephew with suspicious eyes. "Do you know anything about it, Mark?"

Mark had almost said "No," when something prompted him to tell the truth.

"It's my dog," he said defiantly. "A friend of Mr. Caffall's gave it to me."

Miss Midian's glassy eyes stood out on their stalks.

"A dog!" she said, in very much the tone of voice in which she might have said, "A Leviathan!"

"And who, may I ask, gave you permission to have a dog?"

"No one," said Mark. "But I'm going to keep it all the same," he added fiercely.

Miss Midian sat like a frozen statue, then suddenly she stretched out her thin arm and rang the bell. Mark never took his eyes from her face, his heart was racing, and his hands were clinched under cover of the tablecloth.

Presently one of the servants came.

"I understand that there is a strange dog in one of the sheds," Miss Midian said in a voice of flint. "Kindly go and tell Jeffries to get rid of the animal immediately—you understand?—IMMEDIATELY."

Mark pushed back his chair and rose. He was as white as death, but his eyes were like electric fire as he crossed the room and the hall and opened the door of his father's study.

Miss Midian gasped. No one, not even she herself, would have dared to enter John Hellaby's room without first knocking. She rose to her feet, and stood waiting for Mark's instant annihilation.

He had left both the doors open behind him, and she saw him walk up to the table where his father sat, heard his voice, shrill and shaken with passionate insistence, as he said:

"Tell her I'm to have it—do you hear? Tell her it's to stay. The dog! it's all I've got. Will you tell her?"

She moved then, crossed the hall and stood behind Mark, explaining in her harsh voice, confident of success.

"There is a strange dog in one of the sheds. Mark brought it here without permission. I have given Jeffries orders to have it removed. I do not know how Mark dares appeal to you against my authority."

She really did not know! Since his return from Osterway, save for a few small rebellions, Mark had been curiously inoffensive. This sudden appeal to his father robbed her of her breath.

John Hellaby looked at his son. He saw the white passion of his face, and the labored way in which his chest was heaving, and for the first time something of real interest regarding this boy, who was his own flesh and blood and yet an utter stranger to him, stirred in his breast. There was a pathos about Mark at that moment which the elder man never forgot, as he looked from the boy to Miss Midian's pinched, vindictive features. There was a short silence, then—

"The dog can stay," said John Hellaby.

Mark burst into tears. He never knew why, and he loathed himself for the breakdown as he rushed out of the room, out of the house, and down to the potting-shed where Sinner greeted him rapturously.

Mark sat down in the straw and took the dog in his arms. He felt as if a great tragedy had been averted from his life.

"Devil!—the old she-devil!" he said over and over again in sobbing breaths. "I hate her! I wish she was dead—I wish she was dead—I wish she was dead."

CHAPTER VIII.

SINNER stayed; and a week before Christmas Bishop arrived.

Mark drove with Jeffries to the station in the pony trap to meet him, with Sinner scampering behind. The dog was hardly ever separated from his master; wherever Mark went, there went the gray Bedlington also.

They roved the countryside for hours together, and Mark was no longer lonely or depressed.

Sinner was his friend and confidant. They got into scrapes and out of them together, and nothing mattered.

"That dorg," said Jeffries to his wife, "is the most humanest thing I ever seen, those eyes of his speak plainer than a woman's tongue."

In a vague way he was jealous of Sinner—the dog seemed to have ousted him from first place in Mark's affections, tho, on the other hand, he was glad the boy had found a friend at last.

Mark was looking forward to introducing his dog to Bishop. He had spent half the morning combing out the tangled gray coat, and polishing the brass studs of Sinner's collar.

As they sped along to the station in the pony trap, Mark looked down at the dog admiringly.

Suddenly he grinned.

"Sinner gave that dog of old Martin's an awful wiping up this morning," he confided to Jeffries.

Jeffries shook his head.

"He'll be getting you into serious trouble one of these days, Master Mark, and himself too."

"He can wipe up any dog in the country," Mark declared. He looked at Sinner thoughtfully. "I wonder," he said, after a moment, "when those people in the Bible threw that woman to the dogs, if they were Bedlingtons."

Jeffries guffawed.

"I'm sorry for her if they was all like Sinner," he said grimly.

"Served her right," said Mark loftily. "She must have been a rotter, anyway."

He got out of the trap before it stopped, and ran into the station with Sinner at his heels.

He was very much pleased at the idea of seeing Bishop again and he was thankful that Miss Midian had not forbidden his coming.

Relationships between himself and his aunt had been more constrained than usual since the affair of the dog, and tho nothing more had been said on the subject, Mark knew quite well that it was neither forgotten nor forgiven.

Sometimes he surprised an oddly vindictive glance in Miss Midian's eyes that sent an apprehensive shiver down his spine, but he comforted himself with the thought of his father's championship.

What his father had done for him once, his father would do again. He believed he had discovered the way to circumvent Miss Midian at last, and he hugged the knowledge to his breast.

The train came in with a great deal of puffing and snorting, and Bishop precipitated himself out of a third-class smoker.

He hulloed wildly when he saw Mark, and rushed at him joyously. Mark looked him up and down.

"Good Lord! you have got fat," he said, with the candor of friendship.

"That's more than you have," Bishop retorted. "Hullo! who's the mongrel belong to?"

Mark flushed indignantly.

"He's not a mongrel," he protested. "He's a Bedlington."

Bishop laughed.

"Oh, all right." He stooped to pat the dog's head, and Sinner growled threateningly.

Mark caught him by the collar—this was hardly the introduction between his friends to which he had looked forward.

"The trap's outside," he said rather shortly.

The boys packed in, with Bishop's luggage jammed between them, and the pony started back home.

It was a mild and sunny afternoon, and Bishop said, with sudden irrelevance, as they turned into the main road:

"I say, doesn't this remind you of the day we left Osterway?"

"No," said Mark in flat contradiction. He had been thinking the same thing himself at that moment, and it gave him an uncanny feeling because Bishop had so quickly put the thought into words. "It's not a bit like it," he added defensively.

Bishop laughed.

"Oh, yes it is," he insisted. "Same sort of trap, and you and me, and Jeffries instead of Timmins."

"And who might Timmins be, Master Bishop?" Jeffries inquired.

"He was lots of things," Bishop explained. "Chief cook and bottle-washer and boots and stable-boy." He grinned. "I believe he wrote old Jope's sermons too," he added.

Mark frowned as he looked away from Bishop's handsome face to the bare, sunny fields, and a painfully vivid picture rose before his eyes of the study at Osterway Vicarage as he had seen it that July morning with the sunshine falling all around the Rev. Mr. Jope's dead figure, and the unfinished sermon lying there on the desk.

"The scar which is left by sin, or a moment of unbridled passion——"

He had hardly thought of it since until this moment, and he hated Bishop for being the means of bringing it again too," he added.

"I shouldn't mind going back to Osterway, you know," Bishop went on condescendingly. "It wasn't such a bad show, taken all round." He nudged Mark with a fat elbow. "Remember that girl Miriam?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mark.

"That was a girl in the village Mark was sweet on," Bishop explained to Jeffries, grinning.

Mark flared up.

"That's a lie," he said furiously. "You know jolly well it is—I hated her."

Jeffries looked at the boys in puzzled amazement. Mark's face seemed to have lost its youthfulness; for a moment the

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man to whom he would some day grow looked from fierce eyes.

Bishop laughed.

"Oh, all right! don't be ratty," he said.

The pony swung in at the wide gate and turned up the drive. Bishop was flushed and excited. He loved coming to the Hellabys', he loved the luxury of the house and the ample table. He gave Mark another nudge as they entered the hall.

"We're going to have a topping Christmas—eh?" he said.

Mark nodded, not in the least because he thought so, but because at the moment it seemed the easiest way to reply.

CHAPTER IX.

IT WAS Jeffries who inadvertently let out to the boys a day or two later that there was a traveling acrobat show at a village two miles away.

So far the holidays had proved rather less exciting than the boys had anticipated, and they eagerly welcomed any fresh form of amusement.

"Let's go," said Mark quickly.

Bishop looked at him dubiously.

"Will your aunt let us?"

Mark said "Pooh!" He was dreadfully anxious that Bishop should not think he was afraid of Miss Midian. "If she makes a fuss, I'll ask the guv'nor," he added grandly.

Needless to say, Miss Midian did make a fuss. Traveling shows were hotbeds of disease and iniquity, she declared; would Mark please to consider the work and anxiety it would entail were he to get some contagious illness? Most certainly they could not go! She was sure that Bishop's people would reproach her, and most justly, were she to allow such an indiscretion.

Bishop answered lamely that he didn't think his people would mind, but Miss Midian was firm.

"I forbid it. I forbid it entirely," she said.

Mark's face took on its most obstinate expression.

"All right then! I shall ask the guv'nor," he said.

He swaggered out of the room and across to his father's study. It was not feeling nearly so brave as he would have had it appear, and he was painfully conscious of the purple fury in Miss Midian's face as her vindictive eyes followed him. John Hellaby was standing by the window looking over the bare garden when Mark spoke behind him.

"There's an acrobat show over at Lister. Can we go—me and Bishop?"

The words came out with a rush of nervous excitement. Each moment he expected Miss Midian to follow him and relate her version of the request, and if he had spoken the truth Mark would have admitted that there was not the smallest hope in his heart that he would get his own way with his father this time, as he had done over the matter of Sinner.

John Hellaby turned round slowly and looked at his son, and for a moment he did not speak, then he said with apparent irrelevance:

"You're getting a big lad, Mark."

Mark colored, without knowing why, and shuffled his feet.

"Well, can we go?" he asked.

"Yes, if it's only as far as Lister."

Mark was rushing away again excitedly when his father called to him.

"Mark."

"Yes, sir."

"Here's a sovereign for you."

Mark stared. He could not believe his ears. Altho he had never been kept short of pocket money, it was the first time in his life that his father had personally given him anything. He was as red as a turkeycock as he grabbed up the money, and with a muttered, "Thank you, sir," escaped from the room.

He dodged Miss Midian in the hall, and found Bishop waiting for him in the garden with a skeptical face.

"Well, we can't go, I suppose?" was his greeting.

Mark grinned.

"Yes we can, and he gave me a sovereign as well. Come on."

They were half-way across the garden before they discovered that Sinner was following. Mark stopped dead.

"Here, we can't take the dog!" he said. "Wait a minute, I'll take him back."

Bishop frowned.

"Send him back! We don't want to fag all the way again. There, I'll settle him."

He picked up a stone to suit his words into action, but Mark caught his arm.

"You dare hit him!" he said threateningly. His eyes were furious.

Bishop let the stone fall. He shrugged his shoulders sulkily, and Mark went back to the stables with Sinner.

He tied the dog up and anxiously tried to explain matters to him.

"I shan't be long, old boy. Good dog! I'll take you thru the woods when I come back. Good old boy."

He gave him a biscuit, and patted his head, but Sinner would not be mollified. He strained at his leash and yapped piteously, his eyes imploring to be taken.

Mark shut the door with a slam at last, and ran for his life to prevent himself from yielding to that eloquent appeal, but when he rejoined Bishop he could still hear Sinner's distressed barking. A dozen times Mark was on the point of going back—he was not really keen on the show, he told Bishop—he thought it was going to snow; the thought of the dog tugged at his heartstrings all the afternoon. The show was a poor one and held in a draughty barn, and Mark hated it; there was a thin dog dragged on to the stage to go forlornly thru a dozen tricks, and the eyes of the dog were like Sinner's.

Mark was thankful when it was over.

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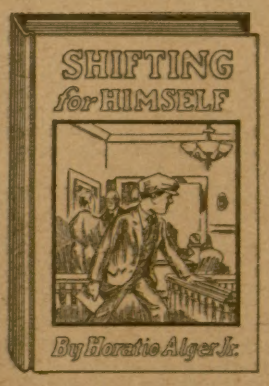
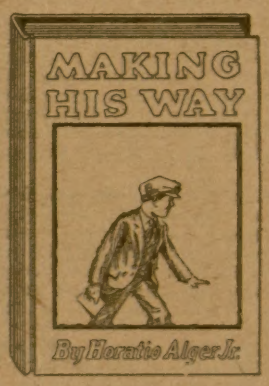
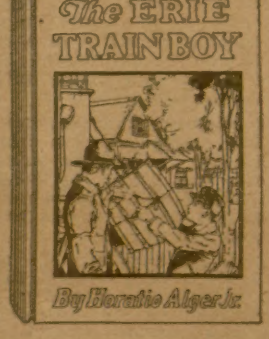
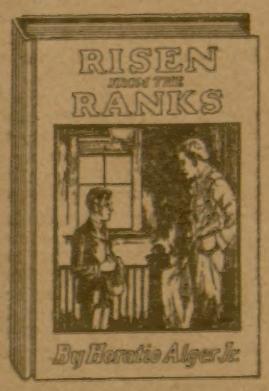
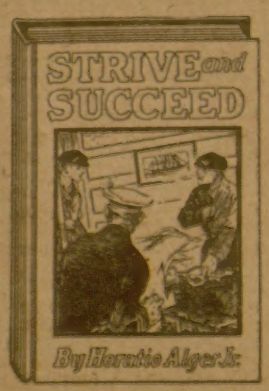










Think of it! A life time of pleasure and entertainment *for five minutes' work*. What would Abe Lincoln have given for the thrilling, exciting adventure in Horatio Alger's "DO AND DARE" or "MAKING HIS OWN WAY." How would you like the experience of the hero in "SHIFTING FOR HIMSELF," "STRUGGLING UPWARD" or "SLOW AND SURE."

Such stories—adventure! Yes, oodles of it! The kind that makes dad sit up in his chair. Everybody, young or old, says there never has been anything like these 12 books for boys. You would be willing to put in your spare time working for days to get them, but we are going to make it just as easy as possible for you.

You Get All 12 Books

Our offer which appears below is so liberal that you might get the idea you would receive only one Alger Book for the small favor we ask. Even that would be well worth it. However, YOU WILL RECEIVE THE ENTIRE SET OF 12 DIFFERENT BOOKS—one of each title as shown in the illustrations. This is the most remarkable offer we have ever been able to make, and every boy should take advantage of it. (To parents or friends of boys: This Alger Library Series would make an excellent Birthday, Graduation or other Gift for your son or young boy friend.)

What to Do to Get Them

Just go to your first door neighbor, your father, your mother, friends, relatives, any one, and explain that there is a special campaign on to increase the readers of the two greatest papers, The Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger, the two weekly papers that nearly everybody already reads or knows about. Explain that the regular price for each paper is $2.00 a year, but that if they will sign the coupon below during this campaign, the price of both papers for one year to one subscriber will be only $3.00 and every one of these 12 beautiful books will be sent you *free, postpaid*.

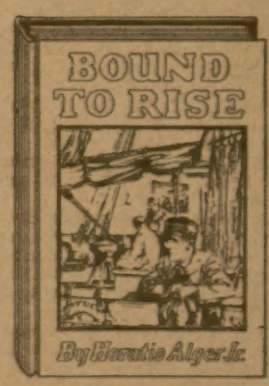
If the person whom you first go to already gets The Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger let them sign the coupon anyway and they will receive the two papers every week for one full year from the time that their present subscription is up.

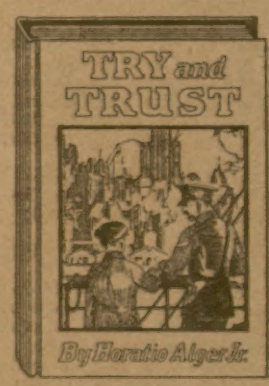
Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

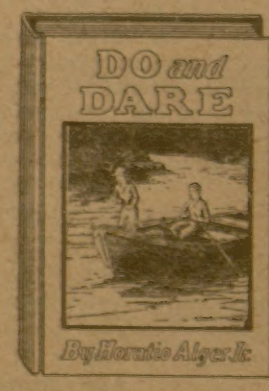
See your neighbor before the next boy does. There's a set of these beautiful books already packed, ready to ship to you. Each of the 12 books is 7x4¾ inches and each has a beautiful inlay picture on the front cover in six colors, very rich and attractive. Your library will be the talk of your neighborhood. Get the coupon signed today before this wonderful offer is withdrawn.

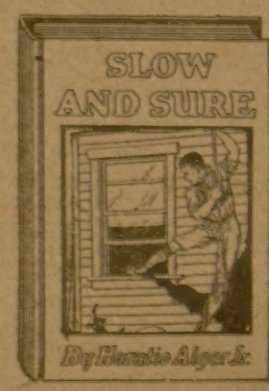
W. D. BOYCE CO.

500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois









W. D. BOYCE COMPANY,
500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

I inclose $3.00 for which please send each week, for one year, The Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger to:

Name.....Street or R. F. D.....

Town ..... State .....

Send free, the 12 books in the Boys' Library described on this page to:

Name.....Street or R. F. D.....

Town ..... State .....

Outside he and Bishop quarreled violently because Mark wanted to go home, and Bishop wanted to stay in the village. Finally Mark went off alone, followed by Bishop's jeering voice.

Mark did not care, for he preferred Sinner to Bishop any day. He begged a lift of a baker's cart going in his direction, and got home before it was quite dark. He ran up the garden eagerly—past Jeffries' cottage to the stables. Sinner had stopped his pitiful yapping, and Mark was thankful. After all, he could not always have the dog with him.

He whistled cheerily as he neared the stable. Sinner always knew his step; he was surprised now at the dog's silence. He flung open the door eagerly.

"Sinner! Hullo there, old boy!"

He stopped dead.

Sinner's leash lay limply on the straw, one end still attached to a beam in the wall—the dog had gone.

For a moment Mark stood staring, then he turned and began to run towards the house.

He guessed instinctively what had happened, and knew now why he had been so restless all the afternoon.

Miss Midian had done this—to pay him out to spite him! She had sent the dog away!

He burst into her room, red-faced and furious. He could have killed her with pleasure, only fortunately she was not there.

Mark rushed to the kitchen. The blood was pumping in his veins, he felt as if they would burst. He stopped in the doorway, breathless and panting. Some of the maids and Jeffries were standing in a group talking together. They fell apart in confusion when they saw Mark.

He went forward—he felt very cold and calm all at once. He spoke to Jeffries, trying desperately to control his voice.

"Where's Sinner? What's my aunt done with Sinner?"

Another big instalment of this story in the Ledger next week. Our readers will surely be intensely interested in following the future lives of the leading characters in the narrative. The early chapters afford faithful pictures of what Mark, Bishop and the sprightly little Miriam were in their childhood days, but when the scenes change to the times of their manhood and womanhood—then begin their real romances and tragedies of life; the romances, strange and surprising, to say the least; the tragedies, lamentable and even terrible, before all is fully told. Don't fail to read this gripping story by an author suddenly become famous. Don't miss next week's Ledger. Another whale of an installment.

Teeth.

THE false teeth worn by George Washington were carved from ivory and held in place by springs, according to Professor Beckford of Harvard Medical School.

He points out that modern dentistry is a development of less than a hundred years. Washington had trouble keeping his teeth from getting out of place or even falling out. First practical set of false teeth was not manufactured until 1825.

Dentistry, like most other arts and crafts, has made more progress in the last century than in all previous centuries combined.

CURES ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER.

Any reader who suffers from Asthma and Hay Fever can be quickly cured without risking a penny through the remarkable discovery of C. Leavengood, 1558 S. W. Blvd., Rosedale, Kansas. Don't send a penny—just write Mr. Leavengood and he will send you a big bottle of his prescription on 10 days' Free trial. If it cures pay $1.25. Otherwise you owe nothing.—Adv.

LIVER TROUBLES

Dr. E. E. Paddock, Specialist, Kansas City, Mo., Box 5P-201, has distributed free over 100,000 booklets on cause and treatment of inflammation of the the Gall Bladder and Bile Ducts associated with Gallstones of the liver, bilious Colic, Jaundice, gas, indigestion. Send name for Free Book today.—Adv.

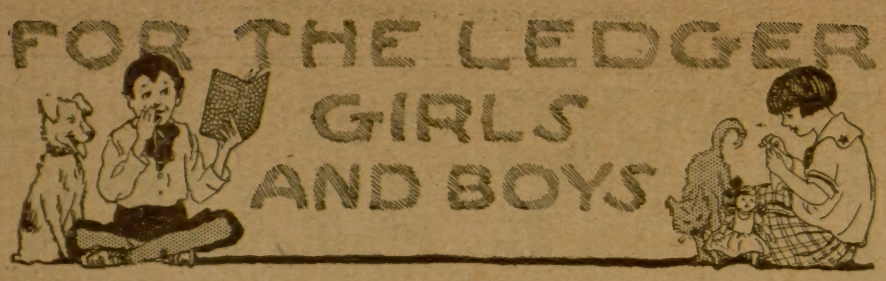
LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

—Adv.



Peggy's Visit to the Forest

PEGGY was to be the little Dutch girl in a play in her room at school and she had been working hard to have her costume quite perfect. She was to wear a short, striped skirt, a plain little tight fitting waist, a large bonnet that almost covered her and, of course—wooden shoes. It had been easy enough to fix up the skirt and waist; the bonnet, tho queer, wasn't so very hard to make, but the wooden shoes—they had been a real trouble.

"Wooden shoes," her mother exclaimed, "I'd just like to know where you can find wooden shoes! Years ago we used to see them sometimes on the fancy goods counters in the big stores. But not a pair have I seen since the war. I don't believe they ship them over here any more."

"But I have to have wooden shoes!" cried Peggy in great distress. "I couldn't be a Dutch girl without them."

And it was right there Uncle Ed came to the rescue. He remembered that one Sunday when he had driven way out west from the city, he had passed thru a Dutch settlement. And he thought—of course, he wasn't certain sure, but he thought he had seen some youngster walking about in wooden shoes.

"Let's drive out there next Sunday," he suggested to Peggy, "and see for sure. If they have some, maybe they will sell them to us for enough money to buy real for sure American shoes with. At least we can try it."

So they went, Peggy and her uncle, and they had a beautiful time. They found the quaint little Dutch village, with its charming little houses and one big sure enough windmill. And better still, they found the little children with the same wooden shoes and one little girl, just Peggy's size exactly, was more than willing to sell her shoes to a little girl whose uncle was as generous as Uncle Ed was that day. So the shoes became Peggy's and her costume was complete.

I wish there was time to tell you all about the play at Peggy's school, and all about the fun they had at rehearsals and all that. But maybe you've been in a play yourself and don't need to be told about that sort of fun.

But anyway, the play was a big success and everybody said Peggy looked exactly like a really truly little Dutch girl with her hair down her back and her wooden shoes and everything and that she acted very, very well.

After she came home from school that afternoon, she put her costume away so carefully in a box in her room and thought she was all thru using it for a long time.

That's just how little she knew.

For no matter what she was doing after that, Peggy kept thinking about that costume under the bed and the wooden shoes, and wishing she could dress up again and be a little Dutch girl—even if there wasn't a play.

She thought about it so much that one day at noon time, she decided to come home right after school and play that she was a little Dutch girl, and go off in a dark forest.

Right there Peggy was pretty mixed up. Dutch girls live in Holland and there are no dark and gloomy forests in Holland as Peggy would have learned in the very next grade. Holland is a land of sunshine and canals and tiny, beautiful little fields are taken care of better than some of our yards. It is way over in Central Europe that the dark forests grow, quite a way off from Holland.

Still, if she had known that, perhaps she wouldn't have planned to dress up and play go to the forest and then perhaps—but that's getting ahead of the story.

On the very next afternoon Peggy ran skipping home from school as early as she possibly could and, instead of stopping to play with the other girls, she hurried right into her house and up to her room. She took the costume out of the big wooden dress box that rolled under the bed and put it on.

"I'd like to have had some of the girls go with me," she thought to herself as she stepped into the wooden shoes, "but I want to play get lost like a real story book person and I'm 'fraid it would be hard to play if other folks were along."

Down the stairs she went walking as carefully as she could so as not to mar the floors with the wooden shoes. Out in the kitchen she stopped to get an apple and two fresh spice cookies from the lot that were spread so temptingly on the kitchen table. Peggy loved spice cookies and when they were made, Peggy's mother always left them out on the kitchen table to cool and to let Peggy know that she could help herself. Then she went out the back door, crossed lots thru her grandmother's yard on the next street and thru a vacant lot over to the woods.

You see, Peggy lived in a suburb of a great city and it wasn't hard to get to the woods from her house. Just cross a few lots, wander thru a meadow and there were the woods, not ten minutes from home. Of course, woods are not forests. Forests have great tall trees that have not been touched for years and years and years. Trees that seem to go up as far a person can see and to make a roof most to the sky. And under this roof of trees, is a dim, fairylike darkness in which most anything can happen. And, of course, everybody knows that mere woods are not that dark and that they are cheerful and lovely to play in. But Peggy was good at pretending and her woods were the nearest to a forest she had ever seen.

Munching at her apple, she wandered into the woods. Passed the place where she and her friend Ellen played house; passed the place where the rabbits had a nest, passed the pile of bowlders and the tiny creek where the family sometimes had a picnic supper, and into the far end of the woods where she seldom went. And then she sat down to finish her apple and cookies and to decide just what she should do next. The winter sun looked so red and beautiful in the west, the oak trees, that keep their leaves most of the winter looked warm and cheerful and Peggy was thinking what a beautiful time she was having and how comfortable she was and what fun playing little Dutch girl was going to be.

And then, so suddenly that she never knew what had happened, she must have fallen asleep. School is pretty long that's true, and when the woods are quiet and pretty and a person has just had plenty to eat, it's awful easy to go to sleep, as you know.

And then, just as suddenly as she had gone to sleep, Peggy waked up—but oh, such a different woods as it was! The fire red sun was all gone. The oak trees that had looked so warm and friendly were dark and solemn looking and the pile of bowlders—Peggy looked around for the pile of bowlders. They weren't there! Nothing was there as it ought to be! Goodness!

"Somebody's picked me up and carried me away!" thought Peggy to herself.

She looked around to see who might have done such a dreadful thing and there, standing right up in the fork of a tree was a wicked looking little gnome—exactly the sort of a wicked gnome who always made trouble in story books. Peggy had always thought that when she came across this gnome in real life she would stand up and talk to him and tell him he ought to be good. But indeed she didn't do that at all.

She shivered back away from him and great tears of fright ran down her cheeks. She forgot that she was a little Dutch girl and that she was going out for a brave adventure.

But before the gnome had time to tell her what wicked things he meant to do when he carried her off to this strange dark place, Peggy heard the cheerful voice of her father calling, "Peggy! Peggy! Where are you, dear?"

She tried twice to speak, but couldn't say a word. But that didn't matter either for her father spied her and came over to her. With him near, Peggy didn't feel so afraid and when he came close enough to put his arm around her, she said softly, "Father, you tell him he mustn't take me away any more!"

It was with some difficulty she made her father understand that she was talking about the gnome in the tree, but as soon as he did understand he turned his flashlight on that wicked gnome—and what do you suppose Peggy saw? Nothing but the old sycamore tree by the creek—bare, white and one of her favorite play spots!

After supper Peggy could laugh at the joke on herself.

"Next time I go off to play forest," she said, I'm going to have some of the girls go along. Then if I have company, I won't think things look so queer."

"That's a good idea," agreed her mother, and next time stay awake and play and come home before dark and then you won't see gnomes where trees are."

And Peggy promised to remember.

Weather Signs for the Young Sailor.

TED and his father were going sailing, and Ted was anxiously scanning the sky for signs of the next day's weather when his father came out upon the porch.

"So ho!" he said, "my little sailor man would be a weather prophet as well! You have heard the old saying, the most trustworthy sailor is the most weather-wise."

"But how can you tell the weather ahead of time," said Ted, puzzled.

"Ah, that is the trick!" exclaimed father. "To know a squall after it is upon you is nothing, but to recognize it at a distance so you can prepare for it is half the battle won. The only way to know weather signs is to study the weather and remember all changes and their attending conditions, but there are a few old rhymes which if you learn them by heart may help you to know the weather signs when you see them. Here they are:

A blow long foretold will long last.
A blow of short notice is soon past.

When first comes rain and then the wind,
Topsail sheets and halyards mind;
Make all aloft both snug and fast,
In trim to meet the coming blast.

Mackerel skies and mare's tails
Make tall ships carry low sails.

If early morning set in storming
'Tis apt to storm all day;
But a storm at night for lack of light
Is apt to lose its way.

A rainbow in the morning is the sailors' warning.
A rainbow at night is the sailors' delight.

A blow afternoon will pass away soon,
A blow after night is apt to be slight.

When wind comes before rain
Soon you will make sail again.

With an easterly wind and a sunset clear
That night's weather you need not fear.

"Of course, these simple rules may not always be right, but the sailor boy who follows them is apt to come safely into port."

A Bargain.

LITTLE Jane had long wanted a baby sister, and one day she came rushing home in high excitement.

"Oh, mother; come quickly!" she exclaimed. "There are splendid bargains in babies, and you can get one while they are cheap."

"What in the world are you talking about, my dear?" the mother asked in astonishment. "Somebody must have been playing a joke on you."

"No, mother!" the little girl declared, jumping up and down in her eagerness. "Great big sign about it, on the top of the skating rink. It says, 'This week only, children half-price.'"

He Knew.

SHE—What's the difference between a madeup tie and one you tie yourself?

He—Oh, about half an hour.

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Riddle-me-ree.

276—My first is in paper but not in book.
My second is in fasten but not in hook,
My third is in clean but never in dirty,
My fourth is in slow but not in tardy.
My whole is a garden vegetable.

An Acrostic.

277—1. The capital city of a large country in Asia.
2. A green jewel.
3. A hero of British legend.
4. A red jewel.
5. A flowering shrub.

The primals spell the name of a very beautiful gem.

Four-word Square.

278—1. A sheep's covering.
2. A preposition.
3. A boy's name.
4. To perceive with the eye.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

273—Some Curious "Ads."

1. Adept. 2. Adhere. 3. Adhesive. 4. Adder. 5. Adjacent. 6. Adamant. 7. Adagio. 8. Adage. 9. Adjoin. 10. Adorn.

274.—Charade.

Grant-ham.

Four-word Square.

M A R K
A L A N
R A R E
K N E W

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

EVERYBODY EATS EVERY DAY. YOU CAN handle sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruit, coffee and entire line of groceries, as well as paints, roofing, aluminum ware and autombile oils, with no rent to pay; no money invested; take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality; selling experience not necessary. Steady, profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 318, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any bank or Express Co.

SALESMEN GIVEN PROTECTED TERRI- tory to sell Doublewear shoes direct from factory to wearer. Our new measure board insures perfect fitting. Write for particulars and list of open counties. Doublewear Shoe Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

WANTED—AGENTS FOR OUR PATENTED folding poultry coops in Iowa, Illinois, Missouri. Coops used by hundreds of shippers in several States. Write—Folding Crate & Box Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

SALESMEN WANTED TO SOLICIT OR- ders for paints and oils. Good pay, no experience needed. Write Gill Company, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING Bliss Native Herbs, a remedy manufactured since 1888 for the relief of constipation, rheumatism, indigestion, biliousness. Millions have used it; thousands of testimonials received. Some agents make as high as $300 per month. So can you. Write today. We will tell you how. Address Dept. W, Alonzo O. Bliss Co., Bliss Building, 35-39 B St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

AGENTS—SELL "EVEREDY TUBE PATCH" repair kits to dealers, auto owners. "All rubber patch, "self-vulcanizing—cementless—no heat—no gasoline." 50c and $1.00. Salesmen average $100 to $200 weekly profit. You are dealing direct with manufacturer. "The hotter the road the tighter Everedy holds." Every can guaranteed. Write today for free trial package and terms. Everedy Patch Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

AGENTS—BEST SELLER; JEM RUBBER Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 800 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 704.

ATTENTION MEN AND WOMEN: GEO. COX made $80 the first week with our new selling proposition. No competition on rapid-selling leader. Complete line of household necessities that are repeaters. Quick sales. Large profits. Great opportunity. Write today. The Pioneer Soap Co., 15 St. Paul Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

ACTIVE TAILORING AGENTS WANTED— Remarkable value's high grade tailored to measure men's suits (big outfit free), 170 styles, fall and winter, write today—state experience, firms now represent and territory covered. Do not apply unless qualified in this line. Eudeil Tailors, 40 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Colonial Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PIL- low tops, luminous crucifix, frames, sheet pictures, paper mache frames, waterproof aprons, gold window letters. Lowest prices, prompt shipments, 30 days' credit. Samples, catalog free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk U-1, Chicago.

AGENTS, $100 WEEKLY AUTOMOBILE owners wild with enthusiasm, marvelous invention doubles power, mileage, efficiency, saves cost first day, sensational sales everywhere; territory going like wildfire; $21 sample outfit and Ford car free. Write quick. Ovee Co., Dept. 7-A, Louisville, Ky.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORT- ed 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days. Profits, $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug, prepaid, $1.39. E. H. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

GENERAL AGENTS, SOMETHING NEW. Whirlwind sellers. "Repeat" Washing Powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 12 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

BIG PROFITS SELL HANDSOME WIND- shield wings, mirrors, spot lights, guaranteed tires, tubes, etc. Prices that win. Car owners, dealers buy one to gross. Write for booklet and sensational agency prices. Rapid Sales Corporation, 22-D, Grand Rapids, Mich.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 handsome fabric samples. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 573 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS — BIG MONEY — FAST SALES. Transfer initials on autos, etc. Charge $1.50 and make $1.38 on each sale. No experience; no license. 10 sales a day easily. Write for samples. Newark Monogram Co., Dept. 4, 568 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

AGENTS—1922's GREATEST SENSATION— 11 piece toilet article set, selling like blazes at $1.75 with $1.00 dress maker's shears free to each customer. Line up with Davis for 1922. E. M. Davis Company, Dept. 409, Chicago.

AGENTS—COST $5, YOUR PROFIT $103.75, transferring monograms on autos, trunks, bags, furniture, etc.; no experience, no license. Write for free samples. World Monogram Co., Dept. 17, 244 Market street, Newark, N. J.

AGENTS—CREW MEN, NOVELTY MEN. Gloo-Pen, a 50c mucilage fountain pen; everybody buys on demonstration; sample 25c; big profit plan free. Gloo-Pen Company, 56-BB Pine street, New York.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH- ing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 2, East Orange, New Jersey.

MEN AND WOMEN MAKE $50 TO $75 weekly selling complete line guaranteed hosiery and silk knitted neckties. Full or spare time. Pennsylvania Hosiery Mills, Dept. B, 20 S. 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

EASY MONEY SELLING TO COLORED people. Write for our attractive proposition. Marcellene Chemical Company, 620 Main, Richmond, Va.

$45.00 IN THREE DAYS WITH NU-LUSTRE cloth; cleans, polishes all metals. Sells everywhere; big repeater. Sample free. Shef Mfg. Co., 60 Station D., Dept. 3, New York.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS MAKE $1.50 ON EVERY SHIRT order. From manufacturer to wearer. Menzin Shirt Co., 3863 3rd Ave., New York City.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREAT- est dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR- ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—MEN, WOMEN, AGE 17 TO 65, for United States Government positions. Experience unnecessary. Write today for free information. Chicago Civil Service College, Department B-51, Chicago.

WANTED—MEN-BOYS OVER 17. BECOME railway mail clerks. Commence $133 month. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 26, Rochester, N. Y.

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MALE HELP WANTED

EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet. CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, FOR RAILROADS nearest their homes—everywhere—beginners $150, later $250. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

GOVERNMENT NEEDS RAILWAY MAIL clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored), $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

BE A DETECTIVE—GUIDES FREE; DE- tectives needed everywhere. Captain Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXPERTS. HUN- dreds vacancies. $45 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. E 404, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN- necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED TO MAKE SECRET INVES- tigations and reports. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, 100, St. Louis.

DETECTIVES NEEDED IN EVERY TOWN. Write for full particulars. National Detective Agency, Youngstown, Ohio.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS WANTED. $135 month. Particulars free. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 6, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES — EARN $15 WEEKLY, SPARE time, at home, addressing, mailing music circulars. Send for music, sample copy, information. Ansonia Music Co., 312 W. 47th St., New York.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PRE- paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

BECOME EXPERT MILLINERS. $125 month. Earn while learning. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 804, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN-GIRLS. LEARN DRESS DESIGN- ing. $35 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 565, Rochester, N. Y.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS—TRADEMARKS. BEFORE DIS- closing an invention, the inventor should write for my blank form, "Evidence of Conception." This should be signed, witnessed and returned to me with sketch of model, upon receipt of which I will promptly render opinion as to patentable nature and send booklet on patents. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Clarence T. O'Brien, Registered Patent Lawyer, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOU- sands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Dementi, St. Louis, Mo.

SIXTEEN CENTS DAILY FOR FEW months buys five acres rich oil land that may bring you $10,000 to $50,000 cash and $5,000 to $10,000 yearly income. Buy now before drilling starts. Taxes paid. Free particulars. No obligation. Gulf Realty Company, 321 Oppenheimer Building, San Antonio, Texas.

FREE MAP MEXIA FIELD, LIMESTONE County, Texas. Latest gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map & information on a Mexia syndicate paying large monthly dividends. Schimmel Co., Suite 200, Neil P. Anderson Bldg., Forth Worth, Texas.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Co., 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

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WILL BUY OUTRIGHT OR ROYALTY patent, suitable to sell thru mail or agents. Premier Mfg. Co., 806 E. Gr. Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

MEDICAL

"SKIN-JOY"—BRINGS SKIN HEALTH. Eczema and other skin troubles quickly disappear. Trial is proof. Send fifty cents in stamps for $2 worth. No more to pay until results absolutely satisfy. No C. O. D. Dr. G. H. Bobertz, 33 Boberts Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

I HAVE THE WORLD'S GUARANTEED best, safest, surest specialist's home remedies for every human ailment. How to cure yourself at home, and marvelous $4 remedy free if you write today. D. Wolfe, Box 7, Ridgewood Station, Brooklyn, New York.

"FEEL YOUNG AGAIN." USE "BRACER Tablets" for physical weakness, run down nervous condition. Prompt. Absolutely harmless. Thousands used. Send 10 cents for liberal trial package. Pier, 76 Cortlandt street, New York.

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONGS AND POEMS WANTED. WE COM- pose music, publish, sell and pay you five cents royalty on every copy sold. Melody Publishing Corp., Dept. A, Root Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

SONG WORDS WANTED—COMPOSED AND published on 50-50 basis. No fee asked if you fail. Universal Song Publishers, 206 W. 63rd St., Chicago.

INVENTIONS, PLAYS, STORIES, SONGS, poems marketed for 10%. Manhart Co., 15 N. Kedzie, Chicago.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

AMERICA'S GREATEST FORTUNES HAVE been made in the moving picture business. Small investment needed. We furnish complete threatre equipment. Easy payments. Openings everywhere. Catalog free. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. D, 724 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODE- stone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $25-$300 PAID ANY- one for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary. Complete outline free. Producers' League, 509, St. Louis.

PHOTO FINISHING

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER; YOUR NEXT kodak film developed 5c—prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 1891 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BICYCLE MOTORS

DON'T BUY A BICYCLE MOTOR ATTACH- ment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. B, Galesburg, Kansas.

FOR SALE

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Comp Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED—CASH OR ROY- alty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

WE PAY BIG MONEY FOR FINISHING pillow tops. Experience unnecessary. Stamp for particulars. Nileart Co., 2319 Spyrum, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

FARM FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE. $5 DOWN $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $225. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

TOBACCO

PURE RED LEAF TOBACCO, QUALITY guaranteed. Best chewing, 3 lbs., $1.00; 10 lbs., $3.10. Mild smoking, 4 lbs., $1.00; 10 lbs., $2.10, postpaid. O. D. Collier, Agent, Martin, Tenn. Collier is reliable. Martin Bank, Raymer, Cashier.

HOMESPUN TOBACCO, 5 POUNDS, $1.25; 15 pounds, $3.00. Send no money, pay when received. Farmers Association, Jonesboro, Arkansas.

PERSONAL

MEN—WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN. IF you want health, courage and strength, you should consult experienced specialists. We specialize in diseases of men. Chronic, nervous, skin, kidney and bladder diseases. Write. Book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO- ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS WHERE fine fuzzy roots, $10.00. Superfluous hair removed forever, $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Knapp Trio, 378 Pleasant avenue, St. Paul, Minn. References, Commercial State Bank.

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MARRY FOR PROSPERITY, HAPPINESS. Many wealthy. Best, most successful. Quickest results; write, be convinced. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

WOMEN — ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI- Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

GIRLS, I'LL PLACE YOU IN DIRECT COR- respondence with refined wealthy gentlemen. Special offer, enclose stamp. Eva Moore, Box 4309, Jacksonville, Fla.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIREC- tory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

LONESOME WIDOW, OWNS $25,000 STOCK farm, desires correspondence with honorable man with view to matrimony. Mrs. Lane, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

MARRY IF LONELY; "HOME MAKER;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years' experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, California.

MARRY — GIRL, 18, WORTH $68,000; maiden, 25, worth $75,000. Hundreds wealthy. Descriptions free. Sunflower Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANT- ing introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY, BEST, LARGEST. ESTABLISHED 16 years. Thousands wealthy members. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PA- per published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DE- scriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

WHY BE LONESOME? JOIN OUR SCAN- dinavian Club, 2734 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

IF WEALTHY LOVING WIFE IS WANTED, write, enclosing stamped envelope. Violet Rays, Dennison, Ohio.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE: BEST PUBLI- cation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

ARE YOU LONESOME? WRITE BETTY Lee, 28 East Bay, Jacksonville, Florida. Send stamp, please.

BRITISH GIRLS WANT AMERICAN COR- respondents. Proposition 10c. Clare, 16, Cambridge street, London, S. W. 1, England.

THOUSANDS! WORTH TO $45,000 WANT TO marry. Descriptions free. Mrs. Martin, B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

FREE INFORMATION ABOUT HAPPY, wealthy marriages. Confidential, League, Box 35, Toledo, Ohio.

PHOTOS, DESCRIPTIONS, NAMES, AD- dresses wealthy ladies desiring marriage, 25c coin. Box 2099, Jacksonville, Florida.

MARRIAGE PAPER WITH HUNDREDS names, addresses, descriptions, also pictures, 25c. Box 3317, Boston, Mass.

MARRY? JOIN THE "HOME CORRE- spondence Club." Particulars free. Mrs. Keena, B-23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MAN OF MEANS WOULD CORRESPOND with lady. Write D. Dawn, 40602 Saint Clair, Cleveland, Ohio.

PRETTY MAIDEN, WORTH $60,000, WILL marry soon. Box 15, Club, Oxford, Florida.

NOW! A MONEY SAVING CLIMAX!

Yes-The Very Limit of Value Giving!! Bargains-Prices-Truly Sensational

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Gathered here on this page is the most wonderful array of genuine bargains that has ever confronted the readers of this paper. But just to say that they are bargains is leaving half unsaid! They are unmatchable—the very limit of value giving! In this whole advertisement, there is not even one item that can be matched in like quality and price by any other institution anywhere in America. Prove this by selecting what you desire—without risk—and

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The Promenade
Embroidered Mercerized Pongee
2.98

"Oh, it's just too pretty for anything. Where did you get it?" That's what your friends will say. It's the season's newest creation and designed solely for us by a well known New York designer. The material is of a fine quality mercerized tan Pongee, with appropriate sash of self material. Two large neatly designed pockets. Collar, sleeves and pockets embroidered with Genuine imported Spanish Embroidery in contrasting colors.

Send No Money

Just write and tell us what size you wish and we will send this delightful dress at once. Pay postman only $2.98 plus postage and if you don't say it's a perfect beauty, worth double the price, send right back and we refund money at once.

Sizes 34 to 42
Order by No. 800

All the rage this season. Ladies' Golf Style Sport Oxford, made of soft smoked chrome color leather with mahogany colored apron. Stitchdown pattern, rubber heels. Sizes 2½ to 8. Only $2.98 and postage on arrival. Girls sizes, 11½ to 2, only $2.39. 8½ to 11, $1.98. Order by No. 1256 and state size.

No.1256 **$2.98**

Genuine Kid Comfort Oxfords

Just another example of how our bargains are way beyond comparison. Ladies' genuine Kid comfort oxfords, fine leather soles, wide roomy toe, rubber heels. Fine for either home or street wear. And only $1.85 plus postage on arrival. Sizes 3 to 9. Order by No. 1212—and money back at once if you're not delighted.

No.1212 **$1.85**

LADIES' ONE-STRAP

Handsome soft kid-finished slippers. New and stylish one-strap model with two buttons, rubber heels and medium round toe. Why pay $2.50 or $3.00? Get this bargain quick. Sizes 2½ to 8. Pay only $1.49 plus postage on arrival. Order by No. 210.

No.210 **$1.49**

BAREFOOT SANDALS

Fine quality tan lotus sandals, with long wearing soles.

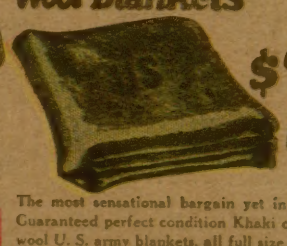
SIZES	PRICE	Order No.
5 to 8	$ .79	811
8½ to 11	.98	812
11½ to 2	1.15	813
2½ to 8	1.49	814

No.811 **79¢ And up**

Two Polly Prims
for only **92¢**

When you can buy pretty percale "Polly Prim" slip-over aprons at this unheard of cut price, you'll probably want more than two. They're in pretty patterns, with two pockets, and rick rack trimming. Handy every day in the year. Only 92c. plus postage, on arrival, for two different patterns. Order by No. 816. If not pleased, return them and get your money back at once.

U.S. Army Khaki Wool Blankets



$2.98

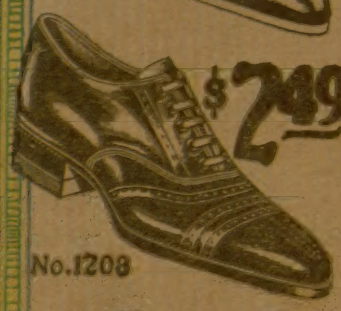
The most sensational bargain yet in army goods. Guaranteed perfect condition Khaki color O. D. all wool U. S. army blankets, all full size 66x84. Send in your orders at once. Be sure you get several at this big bargain price. Order by No. 3200.

Latest Sport Oxford

No.1214 **$1.98**

Yes—the very latest—and city stores get $4 and $5 a pair for these Ladies' Sport Oxfords. White canvas, trimmed with either black or brown leather (be sure and state choice). You'll be surprised at this value. Only $1.98 plus postage on arrival. Sizes 2½ to 8. Mention size, color of leather and order by No. 1214.

Ball Strap Oxford



No.1208 **$2.49**

Here is the 1922 summer style leader in Ladies' lowcuts. Finest quality rich Havana brown leather. Beautiful perfect fitting shape made for comfort and attractiveness. Medallion tips, low military heels, capped with rubber. The limit of quality at a sensational price. Only $2.49 plus postage on arrival. Sizes 2½ to 8. Order by No. 1208.

Send No Money

Patent Leather One Strap

A slipper that is pretty enough for a Queen. Rich in quality—rich in style—rich in comfort—unmatchable in value. Selected black patent leather. Newest style broad two-button one strap. Ball strap perforation. Military walking rubber heels. Best wearing leather soles. The greatest slipper offer of the year. Order No. 1252. Sizes 2½ to 8. And pay only $2.98 plus postage on arrival.

$2.98 No.1252

Send No Money

Men's Stunning Oxfords

Stunning? You'll say so. And if you could see them in city show windows right now, you'd probably see a $7.50 price tag on them. Selected boarded side leather, rich brown shade. Extra fine leather soles. Broad rubber heels. New French Square Toe. Neatly perforated and stitched. Superb workmanship. Direct from Gordon-Bates for only $3.49 plus postage on arrival. Sizes 6 to 11. Order by No. 1131.

No.1131 **$3.49**

Newest for Men!

Men! If you're particular—if you want the season's latest and snappiest style, get a pair of these quick. Rich brown color boarded side leather. Selected leather sole, Goodyear stitched. Low broad rubber heels. New square French toe, handsome perforated vamp and uppers. Only $3.69 plus postage on arrival. Sizes 6 to 11. Order by No. 2109.

No.2109 **$3.69**

Save One Half!

Greatest work shoe bargain ever offered anywhere. We're now getting a thousand orders a day for them. They're Genuine Munson last Army work shoes. Made of best grade wax veal leather, soft and pliable, yet guaranteed moisture and acid proof. Double leather insoles. Double sewed seams. Soles of selected best wearing leather stock. Guaranteed counters. In dark brown color. Formerly sold at $3.95. Now only $1.97 plus postage on arrival. Sizes 6 to 12. Order by No. 181.

$1.97

30x3 $7.45 Plus Postage

BRAND NEW HIGH GRADE TIRES

Guaranteed 6000 Miles

Biggest tire bargains ever advertised. Brand new high-grade non-skid, made generously oversize, and guaranteed 6,000 miles or adjustment made on basis of mileage given. Many give 8,000 and 10,000 miles. We do not sell seconds or rebuilt tires. Send no money—just pay postman our cut price, plus postage.

30x3	$7.45	32x4	$14.95
30x3½	8.45	33x4	15.95
32x3½	12.45	34x4	16.95
31x4	13.45		

Tremendous Bargain!

Topmost Quality Muleskin Outing Shoes. Tough muleskin uppers, can't be beat for wear. Indestructible chrome soles. Sensible roomy last, great for comfort. Simply a sensational bargain at our cut prices. Only $1.88 for men's sizes 6 to 12. Order by No. 102. Order No. 314 for Boys, sizes 1 to 5½, price $1.69. And sizes 9 to 13½ for small boys, order No. 315, price $1.49. Send no money. Just pay on arrival, plus postage.

$1.88

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Dont Send Any Money Now